The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME VII | New York, Saturday, July 8, 1916 | Number 88

Contents

Editorial Notes 235

Leading Editorials
- The Larger Anarchy 238
- The Allies' Economic Combine 239
- Training for Public Service 240

General Articles
- Why We Distrust Our Government ..... Frederick A. Cleveland 242
- The United States in Porto Rico: (I) Government ..... Mary White Ovington 244
- Persons and Parties in China ..... Gardner L. Harding 246
- Robert Franklin Hoxie ..... Alvin S. Johnson 248
- Once Upon a Time ..... Edith Wyatt 250

Correspondence 251

Books and Things ..... P. L. 255

Reviews of Books
- What to Read ..... Q. K. 256
- Tchékov Realism ..... Gertrude Besse King 256
- Some Russian Music ..... H. K. M. 258

SAFETY for the border is still the only objective of our government in its dealings with Mexico. There is not the slightest reason for believing that the attitude of Washington toward general intervention has changed. Since such is our objective, we ought to limit our action, political and military, to the minimum necessary to attain it. To force Carranza to accept moral defeat, to vindicate the right of our armies to go where they please in Mexico, and in what force they please, might conceivably lead to the pacification of Mexico, but only through the way of general intervention. It is notorious that those who insist most strongly upon "firm" action are also those who hope and confidently expect that such action will entail intervention. With non-intervention as the keynote of its policy, Washington can hardly refuse to prove itself as conciliatory as Mexico City. We have dismissed the thought of proceeding to the creation of a government backed by our forces. Therefore our hopes for orderly government in Mexico must rest with Carranza, and it should be our business to strengthen him, morally and materially, not to humiliate and weaken him.

HOWEVER little we may like the spirit of the memorandum issued by the Mexican Department of Foreign Affairs, we ought to be fair-minded enough to acknowledge that it scores some hits on us. We had assailed the Mexican government because American citizens had been murdered on Mexican soil and because the murderers had escaped punishment. The Mexican memorandum alleges that in the period of time covered by Mr. Lansing's catalogue of outrages 140 Mexicans have been killed in the United States by American citizens, and no action has been taken to apprehend the murderers. Now, the allegation may not be adequately substantiated, but we should like to be assured, from an authoritative source, that careful investigation fails to disclose any cases of unjustifiable killing of Mexicans on our side of the line. You can hardly approach the border anywhere without hearing rumors of the killing of Mexicans on very scant provocation. You are likewise treated to all manner of rumors of Mexican refugees ruthlessly beaten out of what small possessions they bring with them or what small property interests they acquire by their labor. These rumors may be utterly baseless, but we ought to assure ourselves of the fact before we attempt to hold Mexico too strictly to account for similar occurrences in her territory. If we fall behind the shield of states' rights and assert that the matter must rest with Texas, Arizona or New Mexico, we shall be guilty of the same kind of national irresponsibility with which we charge Mexico.

IF the Mexicans were really so bloodthirsty and treacherous, if their government were really so weak and malevolent as our most fervent interventionists assert, how could we possibly account for the fact that after years of wringing our hands and pleading with our citizens to come home, thousands of them are still scattered over Mexico? And these are not merely daring young adventurers, ready to stake their lives against their fortunes, but they include also sober, middle-aged fathers of families,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who have not even taken the precaution to send their wives and children home to safety. Of course these men are haunted by anxiety. They know they are incurring risks, but they accept these risks rather than leave their property to inevitable wrack and ruin. The wives know what risks they are incurring. They accept them rather than leave their husbands to meet danger alone. But this is not the way men and women behave when they are confronted by risks they regard as overwhelming. It is not the way they behave when surrounded by a population that is devoid of humanity and trustworthiness.

PROVISION for the dependent families of National Guardsmen now drafted into the federal service ought to be made by Congress without delay. The financial burdens attendant upon our Mexican difficulties should be distributed over the general population, not concentrated upon a relatively small class who happen also to be bearing the personal sacrifices entailed by mobilization. If we intend in the future to maintain a real citizen army, manned by individuals carrying the normal responsibilities of life, we cannot afford to set a precedent of disregard for families plunged into poverty through drafting of breadwinners into the national service. In a time of infinitely greater crisis, when no citizen is justified in counting his own particular sacrifices, the European nations are making provision for the dependent families of soldiers at the front. What excuse have we for repudiating our less onerous obligation? Simply the fear that if the treasury is opened for a legitimate purpose it will be raided for illegitimate purposes. No doubt it would set a dangerous precedent if Congress were to lavish unnecessary subsidies upon soldiers' families. But there is no reason why we should proceed in any such stupid way. We have in the Red Cross society an organization quite competent to ascertain the actual needs of soldiers' families and to administer wisely public funds appropriated to such needs.

EXPEDIENCY is the keynote of the revenue bill reported by the Ways and Means Committee. It is proposed to collect an additional $210,000,000 of revenue in the easiest manner practicable. The corporation tax is to be doubled, the income tax practically doubled, munition makers are to yield a share of their profits, and estates worth above $50,000 are to pay an inheritance tax. Popular reformers will be gratified by the fact that all these taxes are to rest on the classes, not on the masses. Those who will feel the new taxes represent only a negligible fraction of the voting public. Their grief cannot turn an election, and they may well begin to question whether the democracy, now it has found the recipe, will refrain from additional exactions. But these are also the classes that have been most nearly solid for a greater army and navy and have scorned any calculation of the cost. We may yet have the greatest navy in the world and a million men under arms, but if we do, the income-tax rates will probably be such as to stagger well-to-do humanity.

THE proposed estate tax is a departure from conventional American ideas in the interest of fiscal convenience and productiveness. The usual American practice has been to tax inheritances or bequests above a certain minimum. If a considerable estate fell to a number of heirs, no share might be large enough to pay the tax. The proposed federal tax falls upon the estate in its integrity, an imitation of the British practice where in consequence of primogeniture, estates largely devolve in their integrity. Under the tax, a sole heir receiving a $20,000 estate would be altogether exempt. An heir receiving a fifth of a $100,000 estate would find his share diminished by the tax. Moreover, no exemption is allowed for bequests to charitable, benevolent or educational institutions. If an eccentric individual left a million to a college, and the rest of his estate, say $100,000, to his son, the latter would in effect pay the tax on the whole $1,100,000. The subterfuge of gifts *inter vivos* is made impracticable by the provisions that anything given away by the decedent in the four years prior to death is included in the estate upon which the tax is levied. If the measure becomes law, we shall have one tax at least that is desperately hard to evade. And we shall obtain better illumination than we have ever had in our history upon the actual distribution of our wealth.

NEVERTHELESS it is an unfortunate thing that we should sweep the tax on inheritances into the voracious maw of the ordinary expenditures. An inheritance tax is, in effect, the confiscation of a part of the accumulated capital of the country. And when one reflects upon the sacrifices, personal and vicarious, by which capital is accumulated, and upon the vital function of accumulated capital in the social economy, one is forced to the conclusion that it is a wasteful policy that dissipates capital in the ordinary non-productive expenditure of government. Such revenue of property ought to be kept intact as a fund for public investment, or if this presupposes too much public business capacity, it should at least be set aside for developmental purposes, industrial education, irrigation and drainage, and the like. Of course if the federal government needed the revenue and had no other recourse, dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sipation of capital would be justified. But there are still many possibilities of transforming sheer waste into public revenue. The fifty million to be raised by the estate tax could be extracted from tobacco without restricting the resources or reducing the happiness of any consumer. We could have as much tobacco as before and as good. All we should have to forego would be the major part of the competitive tobacco advertising and the convenience of tobacco shops where in reason there ought to be none.

THE British government will hardly expect any profound impression to result from the recent report on the Irish rebellion. To explain elaborately that the outbreak of the rebellion is due to the fact that it was not suppressed is a pathetic exercise in political logic which degrades almost as much as it must amuse. Nor can anyone take seriously the attribution of responsibility to Mr. Birrell. It is perfectly evident that the latter is simply the scapegoat of this unhappy situation. The rebellion arose from causes which he was personally desirous of meeting in a spirit of generosity. His Irish administration, hampered though it was by the moral impermeability of Dublin Castle, yet showed in the two fundamental departments of agriculture and education a real desire to deal fairly with the issue. Mr. Birrell failed in his task because his associates in Ireland did not intend him to succeed. The real report on the Irish situation will go further than this superficial childishness. It will study the industrial tyranny of Dublin no less than the religious bigotry of Belfast. It will emphasize that generous contrast which dignifies Sir Edward Carson while it executes James Conolly. It will discuss how a handful of self-appointed reactionaries determined to stop at nothing which might prevent the solution of the Irish question; and how Mr. Asquith and his colleagues could only stand by in dumb cowardice before their swashbuckling ineptitudes. It will fasten the guilt of this tragedy neither upon the idealists of Sinn Fein, nor upon the hapless Irish secretary, but upon the insolent ignorance of the Castle administration on the one hand, and the fanaticism of Sir Edward Carson upon the other.

MR. MUNSEY is assured of his place in *The Sun* if he acts upon this one of his beliefs: "The average man has half an hour or less to devote to his morning paper, and it is a mistake to give him twelve hours of reading." At present the average man often gets this from his morning paper: First a layer of headlines, which tell him something about the news below; then a layer of summary, devoted partly to repeating the information given in the headlines and partly to telling more about the news below; then the story itself, which in exceptionally well edited papers starts at the beginning and goes straight to the end. The man who begins with the first word of the top headline and continues to the last word of the story reads several things three times and a few things twice. The editorial problem is not to get rid of the headlines, which most of us like, but to find a way of making the summary as distinct from the more detailed news story as the headlines now are from both. The headlines ought to let a reader know whether he wants the full story or the summary, and in a paper intelligently edited it would be possible to tell at a glance where the summary ends. The summary at the head of a long news story is at present the worst part of most good papers.

AN editorial paragraph has no norm. It may be contentious, expository, discursive, fanciful, informative or jocose. Sometimes it is merely a slide on which a more or less public man is mounted for convenient inspection. This paragraph, for example, is devoted wholly to the opinions of Henry T. Seeley, department commander of the Connecticut G. A. R. Exhibit A, Mr. Seeley on the President: "If God Almighty was President of the United States, and did what President Wilson is doing, the G. A. R. would condemn Him as President." Exhibit B, Mr. Seeley on foreign policy: "This country wants to be in a position to dictate to the other Powers. It wants to be loved by the entire world, and the only manner in which we can force the love of the entire world is to force that love by conquest." Exhibit C, Mr. Seeley on the immediate effect of war with Mexico: "Japan will welcome the opportunity to capture our islands in the Pacific, but we can stand them off. That is, we can in time."

IN the current issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC Mr. Frederick Cleveland calls attention in the first of a series of articles to certain defects in American political organization, which as long as they persist must prevent it from being prepared to do its work. Mr. Cleveland's contention is substantially that American government is inefficient not because it is too democratic, but because it is not democratic enough. It suffers from a grave constitutional defect. It presupposes not confidence between the people and their government, but distrust by the people of all delegated political power and distrust of the people by organized political authority. As a consequence of this distrust the American democracy has been deprived of any chance of getting itself sufficiently represented in its organs of govern-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment. Leadership by the executive is gravely handicapped, and the legislative branch, whose function it is to be an organ of review, criticism and approval or disapproval, has become supreme in matters of administration. This inversion of functions has brought with it lack of responsible leadership and a lack of open public review of governmental proceedings and acts. The electorate has been reduced to choosing among men and measures proposed by unofficial, irresponsible partisan machines, who have represented not the public interest but collections of local and personal interests. As long as such a fundamental constitutional weakness in our political system is allowed to survive, an agitation for military preparedness will in the long run only increase distrust and discontent.

The Larger Anarchy

WHAT makes the Mexican situation so difficult to handle is not the anarchy along the border, but the general anarchy of international relations and the frightful awkwardness of diplomacy. Here we are, in the mass a nation which sincerely wishes prosperity and health to the Mexicans, hates war, desires no conquest, seeks no new empire. We have an administration in office which has made sympathy for Mexico the dominant note of its policy. In Mexico a fairly successful revolution has raised up a government which according to its lights desires the peace and welfare of its own country. And yet these two governments, both protesting the same purpose, have got themselves into a tangle of cross-purposes, suspicion, fear and misunderstanding which threaten a war which neither desires, against which both protest. It would be hard to find a parallel for this tragedy of goodwill.

The first cause that strikes the eye is the primitiveness of the means by which nations communicate with one another. Mr. Wilson comes into office after a campaign devoted to the tariff, the trusts, credit, to anything but Mexico. After what could hardly have been more than a few weeks' haphazard study he has suddenly to make decisions that may compromise the future of two nations. Of Mexico he has only a vague book and hearsay knowledge strung on a scaffolding of those political axioms which pass for social science. Who is to educate him? There are the American agents in Mexico who send in reports. He knows nothing of their accuracy or even of their honesty. Even if both were assured, there are few so skilled in expression that they can convey a truthful picture in an official report. Men come to see him. Some of them are selfishly interested, others display gross racial prejudice. He sends special envoys to Mexico, who see on the whole what instinctive bias permits them to see.

He makes speeches which are garbled and distorted, he uses phrases which carry bad associations to Mexican sensibilities. A nation touching our own frontiers for hundreds of miles remains a vague fiction to him. And then diplomacy sets to work. It consists of a few badly informed men in Mexico City and in Washington issuing proclamations at each other. Each of these gentlemen has to talk not only to an alien people but to his own people as well. General Carranza has to keep his prestige with Obregon, with all sorts of would-be revolutionists and plotting factions. He walks on eggs. Mr. Wilson has to keep his prestige alive under the attacks of Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party. He walks on eggs. In both nations irritability, contempt, create a nervous tension capable of wrecking everything.

In both countries the press creates heat rather than light. By all the devices of tricky headlines, concealment of facts and bluster an atmosphere is created in which patriotism is identified with "demands" and "ultimata" and everything but understanding and commonsense. Whatever either government does is filtered through seven veils of unthinking patriotism, and every venomous Hearst and demagogue and cheap politician adds to the noise and darkness. Everybody stands on his honor, everybody becomes insufferably noble.

Then if armed forces are used for a legitimate purpose no one trusts anyone, and all the declarations of good faith arouse sneers. It might become necessary for the American army to occupy northern Mexico, but how could we make a pledge to Mexico and Pan-America that our intentions are as fine as Mr. Wilson's undoubtedly are? The Mexicans read Hearst, they hear all the jingoes, they know that the Republicans may come into power soon, they believe the Republicans to be imperialist in temper, and they have been taught to understand that the Republicans despise the revolution and sympathize openly with the Huertista faction and the exploiting concessionaires.

Yet Mr. Wilson and the bulk of the American people would go into Mexico only because every other method had failed. They would go sadly to do a police job with every intention of withdrawing as soon as possible. But how could their faith be made authentic to the world? Only if other nations had been consulted, only if our army were in actual fact the instrument of some international organization.

No such organization exists. If Pan-Americanism had reached maturity, if the sovereign peoples of this hemisphere, including ourselves, had only surrendered some of their adolescent sovereignty, there would be a permanent Council of Nations to sanction whatever needed to be done in Mexico, to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use moral and physical force and to direct the task of rehabilitating Mexico. Never was there a more startling demonstration of the truth that goodwill alone will not keep the peace. The underlying lesson of Mexico is that international organization alone can make good intentions effective. The anarchy of Mexico is a bewildering difficulty because of the anarchy in the affairs of nations. If we drift into war, and from war into empire, it will be because the people of this hemisphere have been too lazy, too vain, and too stupid to organize their own safety.

The Allies' Economic Combine

AMERICAN commentators are not taking very seriously the reported plans of the Entente Powers for the economic strangulation of Germany after the war. If all the world were in league with the Entente and were willing to pay the cost of keeping Germany impoverished, the project might be feasible. But the countries not involved in the war, including much of the territory most sought after by commercial strategists, will not be easily convinced that they stand to gain through a boycott of Germany. The United States needs Germany as a market for copper, cotton, tobacco and foodstuffs; it needs Germany as a source of supply for an extensive array of manufactures that neither the United States nor any of the Entente Allies can produce so cheaply or so well. Latin America needs Germany as a market for coffee, hides, tobacco, saltpetre, metals, foodstuffs, and it also needs Germany as a source of supply of manufactures. There is nothing that the Entente Allies can offer the United States and Latin America that would fairly compensate them for the losses attending the exclusion of Germany. Nor can the Entente Allies coerce the neutral American nations. They can levy differential duties against our products, but that is a game at which we also can play. In commercial strategy the producer of foodstuffs and raw materials always enjoys an advantage over the producer of manufactures. We should grieve far less over the exclusion of our raw cotton from the markets of the Allies than they would grieve over the exclusion of their cotton fabrics from our markets. For industrial nations to interfere with importation of foodstuffs, beyond the measure needed for encouraging their own production, is to place a handicap upon their export trade. Now, the character of the trade borne eastward across the Atlantic is still prevailingly raw materials and foodstuffs. Even the United States, although now the leading industrial nation, sends to Europe in peace times mainly crude materials, partly manufactured goods, and foodstuffs. The Americas will not discriminate against Germany voluntarily, and they can not be successfully coerced into such a policy.

The Entente Allies are of course free to make arrangements for fostering trade among themselves to the disadvantage of Germany. If these are to involve differential tariff rates against Germany, but most-favored treatment for neutrals, the latter will be given an unreasonably favorable position. The United States will enjoy most favored treatment in both camps. If differential tariff rates are levied against us, we shall of course retaliate and, without intending it, shall be drawn into what would be practically a commercial alliance with Germany. Latin America will find it more advantageous to attach itself to the group of nations including the United States and Germany than to enter upon any exclusive arrangements with the Entente Allies.

The formation of an economic union of the Entente would affect Germany chiefly through forcing her to make new commercial adjustments, establish new markets and find new sources of supply. This would entail serious losses if it had to be undertaken at a time when commercial relations were working smoothly. But we should bear in mind the fact that the German export industries must in any event be built up anew. The German overseas commercial organization, so laboriously constructed in the decade before the war, has completely disintegrated. There is accordingly no scrapping of goodwill involved in the shifting of markets. German industry, too, will be in an extremely flexible state after the war. The labor forces released from the firing line can be set at work on new specifications as readily as on old.

An economic union against Germany would mean practically an economic union against the world. It would be as serious an obstacle to restored prosperity for the Allies as for Germany. Still, the costs would be endurable if the ulterior political effect of such an economic union were certain to be wholesome. This, however, is rather more than uncertain.

The member of the Entente that presents the greatest possibility of commercial exploitation is Russia. Here is a field broad enough to absorb vast quantities of industrial exports. England and France might be pardoned for desiring to reserve this field to themselves. But suppose that they succeeded in doing it. Their gains would appear too patent to be entirely compatible with the rôle of disinterested friends. The Russian nationalist may feel that the feeble industries of his country need tariff defense, but this defense is needed against England, France and Italy as well as against Germany and the United States. Russia will not be content to remain a mere producer of raw materials. The war has taught her the need of a national industry, and those will be her best friends who supply her most cheaply with the machinery she needs and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assist her with capital and organization. She can draw heavily upon England and France, but their moral position will be strongest if they demand no exclusive profits.

Russia and the industrial states afford merely one instance of the divergence of economic interest within the Entente. England, Russia, and Japan have divergent interests to reconcile in the trade of China; England, France and Italy in the trade of North Africa. These divergences would become sharply defined if any serious attempt were made to establish commercial union.

The world is not yet ready for extensive economic leagues of the nations. All the lessons of this war point to the desirability of a high degree of national self-sufficiency. It is not safe for one nation to become essentially dependent upon another, no matter how solid the basis of friendship between them may appear to be. Whatever the immediate effect of the war in creating a feeling of economic solidarity, we may be quite certain that the final effect will be a recrudescence of protectionism and economic separatism. From this tendency Germany, as an industrial export nation, may indeed suffer, but only incidentally and along with Great Britain and the United States, equally interested in industrial exportation.

Training for Public Service

ACCORDING to the American tradition, good government has meant righteous government rather than efficient government. Improvement in municipal affairs has had to be floated on a great wave of moral indignation. Reform has moved in cycles, each cleansing administration being drowned in the reactionary flood which the unpopularity of its own virtue has created. It took us a long time to discover that the only salvation from this futile and perpetual recurrence lay in a new professional attitude towards administration and the public service. We had to replace the moral by an intellectual emphasis. We had to see the public service as a profession to be trained for as rigidly and with the same disinterested spirit as the private professions were trained for.

Civil service reform was far less a victory for such training than is generally supposed. It did tend to destroy the old superstition that the public service was a mere feeding-trough for a horde of perfectly equal, perfectly deserving, though perfectly incompetent office-seekers. But it did not really provide for competence. It merely said, public offices shall be filled by trained officers. How or where they got their training was no concern to civil service commissions. Partly through a thoughtlessness that now seems almost perverse, partly through a genuine effort to avoid favoritism in a world where the hungry wolves still prowled for spoils, the civil service tradition actually worked against specific training for the public service. The candidate was allowed to know the general subject in which he would be examined, and the credit he would receive for experience. But as to the specific character of the work or the peculiar problems and emphases of the public service, the civil service commission was deaf and dumb. The candidate could not even learn officially of his chances for appointment or promotion, or of any political or traditional rules which might influence his appointment or promotion. Nor would the civil service authorities either coöperate with or recognize schools which tried to provide specific training.

The result of this policy has been an over-emphasis on perfunctory intellectual tests, and the picking-up of " training " in unregulated cramming-schools which have sprung up to meet the demand. In default of real laboratory experience, of apprenticeship in the public service, the attitude of the prospective public servant has scarcely been changed by civil-service reform. He or she is still primarily an office-holder. The methods of entering the public service have changed, but the spirit has not. The technique of getting your job is more bothersome, but your approach continues the same. The energy that used to go into pull or personal persistence now goes into the assimilation of text-books. Your work is still primarily a means of livelihood rather than a profession. The school system still exists in most large cities for the purpose of giving positions to local girls, and the city departments for the purpose of providing a living for the bright young men of the ward. The advance in morale or imaginative efficiency is negligible.

The new movement for training in public service is therefore not mere extension of civil service reform. In its shifting of values from the livelihood to the disinterested professional technique it is really revolutionary. It is an effort to build up in the municipal, state and federal service a stable corps of officers of scientific spirit who will have served their apprenticeships and secured the professional imagination of their craft. It is an effort to give the civil service body and backing so that it will really mean something. It seeks to identify good government with efficient government and make it possible for the would-be public servant to secure the specific training that will make him efficient.

In its plan of coöperation between the colleges and city departments, the Bureau of Municipal Research in New York has developed an effective technique for such training. The departments become laboratories for practical work. The college provides the theoretical background, shaping its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

courses in political science, municipal administration and sanitation, to lead directly into practical service. The student then goes to work at specific problems in the city departments under the direction of the Bureau's officers who are conducting the investigation. The college gives credit for this laboratory work, and the student gets an apprenticeship training under expert officials at the same time that he is working for his college degree. The plan is analogous to the industrial coöperative courses between college or high school and shop in which the student divides his time between shop and school. It is another weapon in that fight to break down the walls between the school and communal life.

A Bureau of Municipal Research which has such a training school and can mediate between the college and the public service doubles its value to the community. And it doubles the value of the college. Already the colleges are beginning to shape their courses towards this public service training. The City College in New York has recently made a survey of the situation. Before the survey, it already had courses in municipal chemistry in direct coöperation with the central testing laboratory of the Board of Estimate; courses in food inspection and analysis in connection with the food and drug inspection laboratory of the Department of Health, and in the municipal sanitary inspection in coöperation with the Department. Since the survey, the college is in a position to adapt its courses more closely to the needs of the city administration, and provide training for those who wish to enter the lower grades, as well as those who want more specialized instruction for the higher positions, technical, professional and administrative. The municipal college, such as already exists in New York, Cincinnati, Toledo, Akron, will find itself doing nothing more important than this training of public servants for the city. The large universities, Columbia, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Cornell, New York, Johns Hopkins, and the smaller colleges like Reed, Whitman and Oregon, which have joined in the movement, will find their teaching of the political sciences immensely fertilized by this contact with direct practical work in administration. Through the municipal and state university, the government can thus take an effective part in the recruiting of its own personnel. The civil service commissions will not be allowed to continue aloof from this work. Demands will be made upon them for full publicity with regard to the services and appointments, promotions, technical requirements, and so on. They will come to supervise the training of public servants as well as to examine them. The community will come to be the laboratory of institutional life where its citizens learn to be public servants by working out genuine problems in intimate contact with the administrative machinery.

There will be little gain, however, in this training for the public service unless there goes on, along with this tightening of administrative skill, a clearer understanding of democratic policy. We need not only the efficient tool, but also the constructive purpose to direct its application. The new interest in administration is drawing the needful sharp line between policy and execution—the public will to decide what the community wants, and the trained administrative and responsive machine to carry out that will. The danger of a bureaucracy develops just when the administrative technique is perfected faster than the clear-sighted control. Without this guiding democratic control, the officers will set their own policies. This is always the bureaucratic danger. On the other hand, unless the administrative machine is organized and expert, the community is as powerless to act on its own decisions as a paralyzed man is to make his limbs obey his mind.

Along with training in public service must go a training in public opinion. Perhaps one is always a function of the other. Certainly in this country administrative carelessness has gone along with our cloudiness of social vision. Politics has been concerned less with public policy than with personal aggrandizement. Parties have been coalitions of feudal chieftains, each with his band of retainers, rather than associations for the carrying through of projects. Issues are habitually confused with personalities. Any new training for public service which subordinates personalities to the effective work may be expected to bring with it a new emphasis on issues rather than men. To develop the instrument would mean to develop the will and the vision to use it. This is the hope of the movement for training in public service.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1916, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY
PHILIP LITTELL
WALTER E. WEYL
WALTER LIPPMANN
FRANCIS HACKETT
ALVIN S. JOHNSON

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why We Distrust Our Government

THE problem which now lays first claim on American statesmanship is the maintenance of our national ideals in a world of conflicting nations. American national ideals insist on government for the benefit of the governed as interpreted by a numerical majority of citizen voters. The maintenance of these ideals requires that the government shall be efficient—not only that the government shall be controlled by the expressed wishes of a majority, but that the nation possessing these ideals shall be able to command and use its wealth of human forces and material resources for the welfare of the people and, in case of need, to resist any attack from without. To command its human forces the government must have the confidence of the people. To use its human forces and material resources effectively the government must be capable and honest; it must be organized and managed in such manner as to make efficient action practicable.

None of these results has been attained. Our government is not trusted; our government has not developed expertness in organization and management. There is an awakening among the people due to a national consciousness of unpreparedness. Before armaments and war materials may be effectively used, it is necessary to develop a spiritual and social background that will cause citizens to enlist in a national cause—enlist with enthusiasm and with full confidence that their enthusiasm will be directed and used with such ability that our engines of war may speak defiance to any organized force that may seek to violate our territorial rights. Is this not a fit time for us to inquire why our government is distrusted—why we have not developed expertness in the conduct of public affairs?

Some of the concrete facts which stare us in the face are these:

> Although we have been spending hundreds of millions of dollars each year on war equipment, we are now so ill equipped for defense that we are put to it to find the means of protecting our Mexican border against invasion by straggling bands of organized outlaws, although we are using practically all of our available military force for this purpose.
>
> Our army posts have been scattered about in congressional districts—not because of their value for defense or the training of men, but to help congressmen get votes.
>
> Our navy yards have been located at strategic points for vote getting, in many instances being so ill adapted for the purposes of their establishment that naval officers themselves have urged their abandonment.
>
> Of the hundreds of millions of dollars appropriated from the public treasury for the development of river and harbor improvements and other transportation facilities, not less than one-half has been worse than wasted—many of these expenditures being authorized purely for purposes of vote-getting through putting money in circulation in the localities of members of the appropriating body.
>
> Hundreds of millions of dollars have been appropriated for public buildings, not because of economies to be effected or conveniences to be added for the public good, but simply as a part of a process of partisan and personal bargaining.
>
> Public-health services have been developed in five different administrative departments of the national government in less than a dozen different uncoördinated jurisdictions, not because this is the best way to protect the health of the people, but because it best serves the ends of those who must give an account of themselves to local constituencies.
>
> Institutions and other means for the care and education of the defective, dependent and delinquent are put under six different federal departments, not pursuant to any well considered welfare plan, but for personal, partisan and accidental reasons.
>
> Provisions are made for the regulation of commerce and banking in a hit-or-miss fashion and are uncoördinated with provisions for the promotion of trading, manufacture, mining and agriculture.

This weakness and wastefulness in our governmental agencies, national, state and municipal, constitute a condition that cries out for remedy—that causes the people not alone to lose confidence in those who have been chosen to conduct their common business but to doubt our republican institutions. We realize that our common business is conducted, not in a coöperative spirit, but by agencies which distrust one another. Congress distrusts the President; the President distrusts Congress; state legislators distrust governors and governors distrust legislators; local councils distrust local executives, and vice versa; and the people distrust everybody and everything political or governmental.

Our first consciousness of nationality was the outgrowth of a well earned distrust of executive power that ripened into a successful revolution against an existing irresponsible foreign autocrat. We emerged from a distressing war of eight years with national independence—and with a people united in distrust of all executive power. In setting up a new government the one controlling thought was to "secure . . . to ourselves and our posterity . . . the blessings of liberty." All other things were made subordinate to this one dom-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inant idea. And in our constitutions we incorporated all those great principles of human liberty that have been written into the hearts of Anglo-Saxons through centuries of resistance to oppression, resistance to the exercise of arbitrary power, resistance to irresponsible government. We built for political and civil liberty; we built for justice; on these principles we organized to "insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense" and "promote the general welfare." But we built on distrust; we built on ideals of weakness. We have reared on this foundation a colossal structure of wastefulness. With all this we have a sense of insecurity that expresses itself in a demand for preparedness. But to what end may we prepare so long as we worship our old political idols?

This distrust of government expressed itself in our political philosophy in what is known as laissez-faire; and in constitutions the fundamental purpose of which was to insure weakness—so that those in authority might do no harm. While the people thoroughly distrusted the government, those who framed our constitutions distrusted the people. It has been this distrust of the people which found expression in our original governmental plan—a fact that has been lost sight of—that now brings us face to face with a condition that is causing the people to think—to appreciate the fact that we have developed under our constitutions an irresponsible autocracy instead of a responsible representative democracy.

While our forefathers carefully guarded against the harm which might be done by an arbitrary executive, through adopting the principle of separation of powers as propounded by Montesquieu, they were not true to their patron saint; they took no heed of the dangers foreseen by him lest the legislature should make this principle inoperative. Montesquieu pointed to the necessity of making the chief executive responsible for administration, but in the plan of government adopted this result was not assured. As has been said by President Goodnow of Johns Hopkins University, under our federal and state constitutions, "The President was to have a military and political power, rather than an administrative power . . . Beyond the power of appointment, he had, so far as the provisions of the constitution were concerned, no control over the administration at all."

The reason given by Montesquieu for making the executive responsible was, "because this branch of the government which has daily need for expedition is better administered by one than by many." He predicted that a plan which would permit the legislature to invade and supplant the executive function would mean "an end of liberty, because the two powers would be united and the same person would actually sometimes have and would moreover be always able to have a share in both."

Gradually reverence for our constitutions has changed to distrust. President Wilson commenting on this change in attitude says: "The evident explanation . . . is that we have been made conscious . . . that there has been a vast alteration in the conditions of government; . . . that we are living under a government essentially different from that which we have been so long worshipping as our own peculiar incomprehensible possession. In short, this model government is no longer comformable with its original pattern. While we have been shielding it from criticism, it has slipped away from us. . . It is now our *form* of government rather in name than in reality. . . . The actual form of our present government is simply a scheme of congressional supremacy."

Other great nations have developed the representative principle without reducing the executive to a position of weakness and irresponsibility—without doing violence to the ideal of democracy, "that the government shall be responsive to the people." They have done this by trusting the people—by providing a means whereby the executive may appeal to the people whenever in his opinion the representative body no longer expresses the will of a majority on proposals before them, which must await their approval before the executive has power to go ahead. They have done this by heeding that prophetic statement of Montesquieu: "Were the executive power not to have a right of putting a stop to encroachment of the legislative body, the latter would become despotic, for it might arrogate to itself what authority it pleased; it would destroy all other powers."

The one thing necessary to protect the people against the encroachment of the legislature has been left out of our constitutions, and we have not incorporated it in our procedure because the framers of our constitutions distrusted the people. They not only did not trust the people to vote for the chief executive or for senators, but what has been a more serious defect, they denied the executive the right to appeal directly to the people when the legislature refused to support him on proposals that he might think to be in the interest of general welfare, as distinguished from the interests of local constituencies represented by members of the legislature.

Since the initial establishment of our political institutions on a foundation of distrust of the government by the people and distrust of the people by our constitution-makers, we have gone from bad to worse. Without constitutional powers of control over the administration, without powers to initiate measures which he might deem to be essential to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the public good and essential to wise administration, the President or the governor as the nominal chief executive is held by the people to be responsible for everything that goes wrong.

When the government does things that the people do not like, they demand a sacrifice, and the executive serves this purely negative, expiative purpose. The executive has no means of meeting opposition openly and publicly. He has no means of making an open appeal directly to the people, and in this situation the legislature has steadily encroached on the administration—the result being that the government has been still further weakened by added inhibitions and limitations of power until to-day our constitutions are largely made up of negative provisions. Our institutions are a logical product of the worship of weakness—a corollary of increasing distrust of the government by the people and of distrust of the people by our constitution-makers. Irresponsibility, inefficiency, wastefulness, log-rolling and pork barrel methods of satisfying local constituencies, and invisble government —these are the products of an underlyng fundamental error in not giving to the executive responsibility which goes hand in hand with a representative system of enforcing accountability through open public inquiry and criticism, and through the right of representatives to withhold support from the executive until he has satisfied a majority that he is entitled to the continued confidence of the people.

FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND.

The United States in Porto Rico

(I) Government

THEY were talking of the ignorance of the citizen of the United States regarding his West Indian possession. The assistant attorney-general said: "We received a letter this morning addressed to San Juan, Porto Rico, Philippine Islands, U. S. A." To which the Massachusetts chauffeur replied: "I can go you one better. A neighbor of mine, a man who fits boys for college entrance examinations, asked me if I shipped my car to Porto Rico or ran it all the way."

Indifference has been the reward of loyalty. The Porto Rican has proved a law-abiding citizen. Hence he has secured no newspaper headlines, and in a vague way his land may be placed in the Pacific or hitched to a continent. And yet, to-day, with Mexico as a present problem, with the Monroe Doctrine bidding us zealously guard Latin America, and with the constant suggestion that the time has come for us to enter world politics, our success or failure in our outpost island is far from unimportant. Our eighteen years of government are a test of our ability to handle our neighbors of the tropics.

For a first job in colonial government Porto Rico is decidedly difficult. It is an older civilization than ours. The present governor and his executive council are housed in the former Spanish governor's palace, built in 1533. During the long period of Spanish domination the little island was robbed of its mineral resources, denuded of its forests, and the fertility of its land partially exhausted. Its large population, not quite a million when we took possession, now one million, two hundred thousand, was part Spanish, part Negro, with some Indian admixture. The mass of the people were a rural, uneducated, landless, tenant class, that for centuries had been under the rule of the Spanish government and of the Catholic church, institutions which fostered obedience, but which failed to train in coöperation. We never conquered Porto Rico. When our troops landed at the beautiful old town of Ponce they were received with rejoicing. It was the belief of the people that through our deliverance they should soon become an educated, democratic, prosperous state. How far has this hope been fulfilled?

If it be true, as Mr. Walter Wheeler Wilcox has recently pointed out, that the first test of a civilization is the decreasing death rate, our rule is justified in Porto Rico. In 1899 there was no public sanitation save in San Juan and Ponce, no drainage, no disposal of refuse. To-day, the cities and the villages contrast favorably with anything that we have at home. The mortality for the island is 19.78 per thousand. Fevers and plagues, that used to kill their tens of thousands, no longer recur. The hook-worm disease is checked, and sanitary rules are enforced until the very word "sanitation" is hated by the ignorant. But in the meantime, the people live instead of die.

While our primary education has been in the laws of health, our secondary work has been the reduction of illiteracy. This has progressed rapidly in the cities, where seventy-four per cent of the children between five and eighteen are enrolled in the schools. Six of the cities have high schools, the one at Ponce in beauty of structure ranking high among the educational buildings of the world. San Juan boasts a university. In the country only twenty-four per cent of the rural children are enrolled. But while this number is very low, one is impressed by the good work and the excellent appearance of these country schools. No American, motoring along one of Porto Rico's many excellent roads, can fail to feel a little thrill at the sight of the stars and stripes outside the rural schoolhouse. If he stops and enters the well built, one-room building, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finds modern seats and desks, excellent maps upon the walls, and at one end bright, freehand drawings of fruit and flowers. The school books are new and teacher and scholars are alert and animated. From one window he watches a group of boys working in the school garden with spade and hoe; while from another he may look far down the valley where the river winds through the palms and banana groves to disappear in the cleft of the verdant mountains; and where valley and hillside are dotted with the palm-thatched, one-room cabins from which the children come.

"Yes, I have been to America," the teacher says, "I studied four years at Tuskegee," and she tells of her parents' meetings and her industrial work.

Remembering these pleasant schoolhouses in town and country, the American can feel that he has fulfilled, to a commendable extent, the first of the requirements which the Porto Rican expected from his advent. He has made a good start in public-school education. But how about the second requirement? Has Porto Rico become a democratic state?

Jean-Christophe tells us that each race has its hypocrisies, that it is not the truth that separates peoples and nations but their idealism. The framers of the Declaration of Independence, when they declared that all men are created free and equal, have frequently gotten us into trouble. At our advent the Porto Rican felt that he would automatically receive home rule. Instead he was given a paternalistic government. His house of delegates has been elected by universal manhood suffrage, but the second house, or executive council, has been appointed by the President of the United States. This executive council contains the heads of departments, the attorney-general, the commissioner of the interior, the commissioner of education—all of them Americans. Over all has been the governor, also an American, with large powers of appointment, with his executive council at hand to push his measures, and with a veto that can only be overridden by a two-thirds vote of both houses.

No one who travels through the country can fail to see that this government has been efficient. One is indeed continually impressed with the fact that it has been much more efficient than many state governments at home. Sanitation, education, construction of roads, these and other public works are standardized, instead of being left to the caprice of the country or town. Many of the departmental heads are young men, not individualists of the past generation, but youths with to-day's understanding of the organization of industry and the importance of the socialized state. The former labor chief, a graduate of the Harvard Law School in 1912, was instrumental in securing an eight-hour working day for women and children, and other drastic labor reforms. Last year a juvenile court was established and women were made eligible as members of school boards. In all this the House of Delegates has done its part, but the push has come from the active, progressive spirit of the north.

Nevertheless, this is a long way from the democracy which the Porto Rican expected at our coming, and he deeply resents our tutelage. He belongs to the United States and yet is not a part of it. The stars and stripes float over his schoolhouse, his children are taught American history, but he is denied citizenship. For a Porto Rican is a citizen of Porto Rico, not a citizen of the United States. He governs as the American colonist did, always held in check by a distant power. And once, when his House of Delegates in an attempt to exercise its will held up necessary appropriations, an act was passed continuing the appropriations of the previous year whenever the lower house failed to pass financial legislation.

Out of this condition, two political parties have arisen. One, the Unionist party, the party of the majority, demands independence; the other, the Republican, or as it is sometimes called, the American party, asks for American citizenship and the admittance of Porto Rico into the union as a state.

Delegates from both parties came to Washington this winter and appeared before the House committee on insular affairs to give their opinions regarding the Jones bill to provide a civil government for Porto Rico. This bill, which passed the House on May twenty-third, grants United States citizenship, and provides for the election of a senate, the present executive council becoming a governor's cabinet. Senators must own taxable property amounting to at least one thousand dollars and the franchise is limited to men who can either read and write or who pay taxes to the amount of three dollars yearly. In speaking against this bill one Unionist delegate expressed astonishment that a democratic country should despotically annul the action of the Porto Rican House and declare that a great body of citizens, who though poor and uneducated had taken a worthy part in the development of the island, should suddenly be deprived of the franchise. Another declared "The rights of the individual are fully protected, but we do not feel happy, we feel humiliated. There is popular education, but our children are deprived of a knowledge of the race to which they belong. There are sentimental and nationalistic tendencies that have grown up in Porto Rico as a natural thing from contact with American people." "It will be better for the interests of the United States and for the interests of Porto Rico," affirms a third, "to have in the island an independent people, raised up to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American standards and loyal to the United States, than a colonial population which shall always be more or less dissatisfied with a government coming from a land far away, of a different race, of a different language, of a different temperament."

It would seem therefore that if we are moving toward democracy in Porto Rico, it is in a zig-zag and hesitating fashion. We cannot trust ourselves and we are doubtful about trusting others. We are in the position of all colonial governments in that we best satisfy, not the native population, but the tourist and the investor. And that brings us to the third requirement, the third gift that the Porto Rican expected with deliverance from Spanish rule, prosperity. How far have we helped the island to become a prosperous state?

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

Persons and Parties in China

THE death of Yuan Shih-k'ai was dreaded in China for five years as the certain precursor of anarchy and civil war. It was one of the supreme ironies which constantly illumine modern Chinese history that when Yuan died on June 6th, the event was a relief rather than an embarrassment.

Strong and subtle leader though he was, he had never recovered the " face " he lost when he permitted himself to be entangled with the monarchy fiasco of last winter. This misjudgment was his ruin. That movement never once commanded the respect of any responsible fraction of the Chinese people. The displeasure of Japan and the European Powers may have been accelerating factors, but the result would have been the same in the end had they never interfered. Had it not been that all other news is submerged beneath the massive epic of the European war, we should have heard during the past six months of the civil war in China which became in effect another Chinese revolution. Unfortunately the news agencies mislaid that war among campaigns of greater moment. It was great enough, however, to eliminate Yuan Shih-k'ai forever as a factor in Chinese public life at least a month before his " stomach trouble "—about which the real truth will never be known—brought his life so suddenly to a close.

On that revolution the foundations of China's new government rest. What forces in Chinese life are responsible for it? What kind of an administration can China—and China's creditors—expect from them?

It simplifies the first question to the foreigner considerably, when he notes that the great majority of the new revolutionary administration belong to a single political party. This party is the Chin Pu Tang, hitherto not nearly so well known in America as Sun Yat-sen's famous Kuo Ming Tang, but which to-day represents the dominant force in Chinese political life. Where the Kuo Ming Tang, or Nationalist party, were, in political method and social theory, rather extreme radicals, the Chin Pu Tang men are radical along lines more similar to those of the late lamented Bull Moose. Indeed Chin Pu Tang translates directly as Progressive party. They carry forward, nevertheless, the direct fighting tradition of the First Revolution. Li Yuan-hung, their new President, in particular, was the principal military leader of the 1911 rising. Wu Ting-fang, at last an expectant appointee at their hands to the high office he deserves, sat as their representative on the peace board that first interposed between the warring factions, and was Sun Yat-sen's first Minister of Foreign Affairs. They took a prominent place in the unhappy Parliament of 1913 as a coherent, constitutional republican party, second only in fervor to the Nationalists themselves. When the Nationalists started their hopeless rebellion of that summer, they tried to save them by moral support; but Yuan would have no half measures. He outlawed the Nationalists and when the Progressives, who were more than half his friends, became restive in the legislature he had stripped of power, he completed the job and broke up the Parliament. He had the Progressive leaders working loyally for his administration, however, until he sacrificed the substance of his dictator - presidency to the imperial dream which at last made him vulnerable to his enemies.

Yuan has passed, but unlike Porfirio Diaz, he leaves a settled group of capable and experienced leaders who had proved to the world before his death that he was not indispensable, and who have taken control of the situation none the less firmly for the utter lack of internal disturbance with which the transfer of authority has been effective. Chief among them, and dean of the Progressive political group, is the veteran scholar and reformer, Liang Chi-ch'iao. Liang was Minister of Justice in the " cabinet of all the talents " with which Yuan so ably consolidated the country after the Revolution of 1913. A sterling reformer of the old school—next to Kang Yu-wei, the leader of the little band of the abortive intellectual revolution of 1898, whose failure doomed the young Emperor, Kwang

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hsu, to a living death at the hands of the relentless Dowager, Tsu Hsi—Liang Chi-ch'iao returned to China in 1912 after fourteen years' exile in Japan. An honest opponent of the republic at first, in loyalty to the ideal of a constitutional monarchy which had driven him into exile, he quickly saw its power as a rallying cry with which to emphasize before the world modern China's complete break with the past. He realized, too, that a country like China, which prides itself on having no titles and no aristocratic classes, can better consolidate its liberal elements under a republic and more effectively appeal to the world's liberal nations than under a system of improvised and necessarily artificially stimulated royalty. So when Yuan inclined his ear to his monarchial sycophants, Liang was the first powerful leader to take the field and show his influence—besides staking his official career—vehemently against the whole movement. It was his far-sighted leadership that made the southern rebellion an almost bloodless demonstration of power, but an irresistible progress in the actuality of that power that made Yuan's resistance hopeless. He organized in Canton, his native city, the directing committee of that movement, the Fu Chun or Military Commissioners, who negotiated with Yuan, with four provinces definitely committed to secession, and half a dozen more waiting to join them at the first sign of northern turbulence. With the military power of these provinces, all south of the Yang-tse, behind them, they forced the armistice of April 1st, which was the beginning of the end. Ten days before Yuan had suffered the humiliation of publicly renouncing the monarchy movement, Liang took full advantage of this display of weakness and by May 12th the Fu Chun, of which he was then administrative commissioner, acclaimed the vice-president, Li Yuan-hung, as the peremptorily demanded successor to Yuan Shih-k'ai. Yuan assented to his retirement and its details were being finally settled at a conference at Nanking, when another destiny accommodated the situation with unexpected finality.

Besides Liang Chi-ch'iao, another prime mover in the revolution from the Chin Pu Tang party is Tsai Ao, the brilliant general, who raised the revolt in the far-western province of Yunnan at the most crucial time in the history of the Chinese Republic. Tsai is a man to watch during the succeeding months when effective counterpoises of power will constantly have to be found against the sullen northern soldiery. He has studied military science in Japan, but his Peking experience as a Progressive member of Parliament immediately led to his revolutionary leadership. He also took sides promptly; Yuan proclaimed himself emperor-to-be December 15th, and the rebellion in Yunnan broke out early in January. It takes months to get into Yunnan by the foot and river highways that are still its only lines of communication with the other provinces. Tsai anticipated the proclamation in his plans by at least two months. At any rate, breaking at the psychological moment so astutely agreed upon, it brought the monarchy agitation up against a sudden and very formidable burst of unfriendly feeling and first showed the monarchist camarilla the deep-lying dead set of the Chinese people in favor of the republic.

The leading politician and the leading general of this victorious movement were then both Chin Pu Tang men, while President Li Yuan-hung and Wu Ting-fang carry on the patriotic tradition of the First Revolution. Back of these men stand a score or more experienced and responsible political leaders of the highest type, with whose achievements, provided the country is permitted to have at last the constructive peace for which she had been waiting since 1911, friends of China should soon be familiar. Among them are Hsiung Hsi-ling, ex-premier and head of the " cabinet of all the talents " of 1913; Chang Chien, the most brilliant industrial pioneer in modern China, and the patron of the great and beneficial labor experiments at Tungchow, ex-Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and Tang Hwa-lung, ex-speaker of the Parliament, one of the most honest and high-minded political leaders of present-day China.

These are the men and the forces they represent. As to what we may expect of them, they are Girondins rather than Jacobins, Bull Moosers rather than Socialists, practical administrators rather than crusading reformers. The Kuo Ming Tang may develop under their liberalizing régime into a constitutional opposition, which would give China her first real test in party politics. Whether such a prospect is possible rests entirely to-day with the Nationalist leaders, especially with Sun Yat-sen. Dr. Sun's old friend, Tang Shao-yi, who was premier in 1912, is in high favor with the present government, and should prove the medium of coöperation for his old associates, who have not as yet, however, given any direct indication of their intentions.

Yuan's nest of supporters are fast being removed from Peking, and signs of the leadership of a coherent and intelligent party are becoming reassuringly apparent. Li Yuan-hung has already summoned a parliament and promised the completion of a constitution. He is not a dominant figure, or one of exceptional personal courage; but he is deeply tinged with southern liberalism, and starts out with positive and efficacious governing forces loyally attached to him. He is a stop-gap President; Yuan was elected on October 10th, 1913, for a term of five years, and Li will serve out the remaining two and a fraction before a constitutional crisis is due by the political calendar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the meantime, the Progressive leaders are perfectly aware that to risk another revolution is to risk the worst from an occidental foreign policy that is to-day necessarily at the maximum of the unscrupulous. Peace and consolidation are, therefore, the fundamental requirements on which their progress, even their liberalism, must be built.

As for Japan, Li Yuan-hung shares cordially in the only policy possible for any self-respecting Chinese statesman to hold against that country: maximum resistance and constant distrust. However dark the future may appear, the soul of a proud people is in the words of Liang Chi-ch'iao: "Better be shattered to bits as jade than be saved whole as brick." It was only Japan's conviction that such desperation was really felt in China that caused her to "postpone" the crucial demands of her 1915 ultimatum. With what should be the best government in her history practically assured of peace and a free hand in the country, China enters the next stage of her struggle for self-government and nationhood with a shade better fighting chance for success than at any time since 1911.

GARDNER L. HARDING.

Robert Franklin Hoxie

THE career of Robert Hoxie, though closed by death just when his energies were coming into their full fruitage, affords a remarkably instructive picture of the evolution of the modern scholar. In a first phase he lived in the tradition of his science, an ardent and adept disciple; in a second phase his mind set itself the critical task of tracing the tradition down to its foundations, of ascertaining how far these consisted in the solid rock of reality, how far in mere assumption, convention. In his third and final phase he turned from criticism of his science, at best merely a method of exposing the distortions to which facts may be subjected, and addressed himself directly to the world of direct experience. His intellectual object had at first been to learn and to transmit; next this object became to test and to warn; in the end his whole desire was to understand.

I know of no other contemporary economist who displayed so intense a zeal to understand the living facts of his science. Other economists pursue a fact until the atavistic impulse to pass judgment lames their energies. "For the worker to nurse a job involves a fallacy; it is socially harmful; it is a tendency that ought to be put down." This ends the matter for most of us, but for Hoxie the inquiry begins to be interesting just here. What is in the worker's mind when he is endeavoring to make a one-man job suffice for two men? What is the experience, personal or vicarious, upon which he bases his judgment in adopting a course of conduct universally condemned by the employers and the economic wiseacres? In view of this experience, in view of the metamorphic shapes assumed by oppression in the class struggle, can the worker afford to yield even a fallacy gratis? To those at ease in the Zion of established truth, all this persistent questioning of facts already well enough understood for condemnation or approval was naturally disconcerting, obnoxious. It seemed to them to betray a "destructive," not a "constructive" mind. But these categories, falling upon Hoxie, failed to rest with their conclusive weight of disapproval or approval. What, in reality is a "constructive" mind, and wherein does its indiscutable superiority consist? Hoxie's was a mobile army; that of his critics was chained to its fortifications.

Let us think ourselves back into the state of American economics discipline in the 'nineties of the last century, when Hoxie enlisted his energies in its service. The prevalent doctrine was essentially that of the British classical school. In the hard, unhumanized light of America the concepts had become more rigid, the logic more unyielding. By grace of this doctrine a good teacher could equip even a fairly dull, but faithful youth to reply with infallible security to the longest and most tangled hypothetical questions put by economic nature. Did great statesmen grope and stumble in the maze of the problems of national industry and international trade? Any qualified college senior, equipped with a few A's and B's and a lungful of breath, could set the statesman at rights, given the opportunity. Somehow the opportunity never came, but in those days we were little troubled by the fact. We were pure scientists.

There were, to be sure, other schools of doctrine. For example, those puzzling, learned individuals, just back from Germany with the formula, "You can understand the present only as you understand the past." You sought light from them on the Knights of Labor, and got dazzling illumination on the rug trade in the time of Hamurabi. There were adepts of both doctrines, veritable two-sword men, Samurai. Then there were the refiners and overrefiners of classical logic, men with a recondite terminology revolting to the high priests of the ancient tradition, who felt themselves strangely drawn, now at last, to the hard-headed business man, equally revolted by talk of marginal utilities, units of abstract productivity, curves of ophelimity.

It was easy to dive into one of those schools of doctrine; many of us did it unawares, and ever after the clash of tremendous economic interests, the noisy progress and dramatic defeat of real economic ideals, have sounded in our unheeding ears as a faint murmuring from a distant sphere. Not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so Hoxie. For so long as it profited he was a classical of the classicals. He revelled in Historismus while it was worth while, and manipulated margins with the most famous of the marginal utilitarians. But while he was still joyously flexible in his treatment of the accredited doctrines, their value faded out. They came to seem to him matters of small import. For his change of heart, probably due in any case, Hoxie himself gave credit to Veblen.

All things have their causes; so must Veblen and his habit of thought be assumed to have causes, but to one who knows him only through his writings, Veblen seems to be something new in the cosmos. Every man who has come under the direct influence of Veblen has been marked by it, and to this rule Hoxie was no exception. Traces of Veblenism in him were numerous especially in his middle career. What seems in the end to have been Veblen's most significant contribution to Hoxie's development was the exposure of traditional economic science as an unconscious apologetic of things as they are. All the premises of the traditional logic are derived from the facts of money-making enterprise. "Labor," "capital," "land," as manipulated in economic science, are not the raw physical facts, but the facts involved in a system of relations that are fully real only when every laborer has his employer, every field its tenant. Thus economics assumes in its premises a specific economic system, not very old, not at all universal and apparently not imperishable, and this system it reproduces in its conclusions, *sub specie aeternitatis*. What practical consequences might follow from this criticism of the accepted doctrine need not concern us here. They never greatly concerned Veblen. The theoretical consequence is evident. The traditional science is not a glass through which you see reality clearly. It is a more or less opaque medium, in which all outlines are distorted and by which much that is most significant is effectually concealed.

For a time—so long as he found it profitable—Hoxie engaged in the work of applying the method derived from Veblen to the criticism of doctrine. It was his faith that economic science, established upon a broader and sounder system of premises, could recover the vitality and fruitfulness that characterized the work of Adam Smith and his early disciples. But the first step in the process of reconstruction must be an intimate study of the real forces operating in economic life. And as he was intensely human by instinct, he was naturally drawn to the study of labor, or rather of the laborer himself as he toils under the heel of the oppressor, or wins himself a little light through incipient organization, or struggles upward to a freeman's estate through discipline and leadership. Other economists have devoted greater efforts to an analysis of the institutional side of labor organization. Hoxie knew well enough the divers schemes of government and administration in this bewilderingly complex field. But this was not what interested him primarily. He was in hot pursuit of the spirit of organization, the spirit that eludes the student of written constitutions and bylaws, programs, resolutions. And so you found him incessantly working, reading and classifying fugitive pamphlets, labor papers, manuscripts, or tracking down the labor spirit in union meetings or in long interviews with labor men, pure of heart or basely self-seeking, narrow and intolerant or humane and far-seeking.

Equally worthy of sympathetic study, in his view, was the employer and the instincts he had developed in his life struggle to keep above the waves of a turbulent industrialism. As in the case of labor, what Hoxie sought here was to understand, not to approve or disapprove. Naturally there were those on either side who charged Hoxie with giving aid and comfort to the enemy. But these were men who knew him slightly or were incapable of knowing him. Those who know him well realized that the path Hoxie was breaking was one that might lead the economist to a position where it was possible for him to act as an arbitrator between opposing camps, or at least as a moderator of hostile opinions, capable of allaying the bitterness needlessly attending inevitable conflicts of interest.

Hoxie's best work never found full expression in his writings, considerable though they were in quantity and striking in quality. From boyhood he suffered under a terrible handicap of ill-health, which made the labors incident to literary composition costly in the extreme. And like most men whose work is worth while, he was a merciless critic of his own productions, deriving more pain from their fancied imperfections than gratification from their patent merits. His work of university instruction, through the better part of each year, quite exhausted his energies. As his thought was always evolving, every course he gave had to be worked over until it was essentially a new course. And no matter how exhausted he might be from his prescribed labors, he always found time and energy for particular attention to the needs of his students. It was his joy to give, and it never occured to the men and women who made drafts upon him what these might cost him. But perhaps a scholar lives best not in the signed work that can be identified as his own, but in the ideals and capacities he has imparted to others who may not even be aware of their debt.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Once Upon a Time

WHEN I was eight years old my father gave me a large, crimson book, "The Tales of Hans Christian Andersen." On turning the first page I opened the door of a pleasure destined to be life-long—the pleasure of reading short stories. The very index glimmers with that light of rich variety which has remained an essential element of my enjoyment of a collection of excellent tales—"The Wild Swans," "What the Moon Saw," "Little Claus and Big Claus," "The Nightingale," "The Fellow Traveller," "Helger Danske." The title and first sentences of the opening narrative betray a charm which has remained for me one of the most alluring characteristics of all revelative short stories.

THE WILD SWANS.

Far away from here in the land that the swallows fly to when winter is coming there lived a king who had eleven sons and a daughter named Eliza. The eleven brothers went to school like princes as they were, with stars on their breasts, and sabres by their sides: they wrote on gold tablets with diamond pencils; and could say by heart as well as read from the book; one had only to hear them to know they were princes.

In those first words, "The Wild Swans"—"Far away from here in the land the swallows fly to," sings the tone of the born short-story-teller who always subconsciously knows that outside the scene of his description there are other places in creation. He will indeed not only subconsciously inform you that there are other places, but that about the local habitation of his story he has left much unsaid. It is more the novelist's business to give you a complete map of his undertaking, as entirely and delightfully as De Foe shows you every portion of Crusoe's stockade; and Thackeray in many-paged detail lets you know by a thousand witty pen-and-ink lines in the fictive background the full-peopled personnel of Gandish's Academy, down to the very character of J. J.'s signature.

Extremely different from the interest of the novel-reader is the entertainment sought by the lover of short stories—an entertainment attended constantly by the gleam of untraveled worlds. Impossible to read Bret Harte's fascinating "Brown of Calaveras" without perceiving how much is happening to all the other sparsely mentioned guests in the "Wingdam House." Impossible to turn from "Deephaven" without regretting the unknown friends by chance left unvisited, and the keen desire of going back to spend at least one more afternoon with Mrs. Kew at the Lighthouse, and seeing the shores of the island you never had time to look at. Although the phrase, "but that is another story," reveals the essential quality of a gifted craftsman of that art, its sense will generally have been implied without an overt word, at more than one turn of a brief tale well narrated. The reader will have been glancing all along at the occasional glimmer of something lost behind the ranges; and catching the light overtone of melodies unheard.

For expressing the multitudinous peoples and changes of a nomadic, a comparatively scattered civilization ranging over great extents of country, the collection of brief, episodic tales is an especially fortunate medium. Unnumbered generations have felt its profound suggestive charm and rhythmic dignity in the pages of the Old Testament. Not to speak with irreverence it may be said that doubtless for one person who is familiar with the Old Testament's expression of its immortal varieties of religious experience, there are ten who know its vivid human scenes; and while they might be at a loss to find a single text in support of either Calvinism or Catholicism they can relate throughout the story of Joseph and the coat of many colors; they have seen Rebekah at the well, and heard the voice of Ruth saying to Naomi, "Whither thou goest I will go."

To come to lesser, but distinguished examples, it was in the form of a collection of briefly narrated impressions, "A Sportsman's Sketches," that Turgenev first summoned from the vasty deep for the fiction-readers of Europe, the nation of Russia, and spoke to the world, as Henry James says, "with the voice of those vaguely-imagined multitudes whom we think of more and more to-day as waiting their turn in the arena of civilization in the gray expanses of the North." And through the medium of "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "Mine Own People," Kipling evoked from the blue Indian Ocean such a magically realized and variously peopled India as had been before a land unknown to popular imagination.

It is, it may be fairly surmised, because we in America are a various and continental people of many national memories and traditions, and our civilization ranges over a vast extent of country, that our national fictive gift has been so largely expressed in short tales and sketches.

From nearly our first fiction—Rip Van Winkle and the Legends of Sleepy Hollow to Potash and Perlmutter and the spell-binding Afro-American tales of "Ezekiel," innumerable conceptions and elements in our national life have been creatively expressed in American short stories—the grave and beautiful New England fatalism of Hawthorne's "Snow Image," the fantastic melancholy of "The Red Death" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," the world of Bret Harte's Forty-Niners, the mean provincialism of small American cities so keenly portrayed in Stephen Crane's "The Monster" and "Whilomville Stories," the breath of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sea on the "Country of the Pointed Firs," "Uncle Remus," "Dooley," "Doc Horne," Myra Kelly's eager little Polish and Galician school-children, the terrible death of the Little Maid in the Door, the charm of the too prodigal Julia Bride in Henry James's brilliant presentment—the list is too long to continue. Nearly all our novelists of talent and parts have given us admirable brief tales; and many American authors who write novels imperfectly vitalized, literal and mechanical, compose excellent and revelative short stories.

Mr. Edward Garnett roused the winds of controversy not long since by remarking that it would be interesting to know whether America could show as long a list of able novel-writers as he can muster for England. Neither America, one would suppose, at a venture, nor any other country of the globe. "The novel of manners grows thick in England, and there are many reasons for it," says M. Taine. "In the first place it was born there. And a plant always flourishes best in its own country." Who will deny England's pre-eminent talent in this great form?

On the other hand, from reading the brief tales by English writers in the English periodicals, and the rather rare English volumes of short stories, the cursory surveyer of the last twenty years might fairly infer that with a few striking exceptions, the form were not for the English temperament a very ready medium of fictive expression, or a means of presentment whose broad, poetic and conveying elements had been as keenly, as profoundly and spontaneously developed as in other countries, our own among them.

In the "Letters of John Chinaman," Mr. Lowes Dickinson has given us a description of the literary interests possessed by the readers and writers of China which is especially significant for American readers. His words are addressed to all our western civilization, though more particularly to England. But they are especially of value, as will be seen, for the dwellers in a country like our own, professing a democratic ideal and necessarily concerned in the wide and sincere common understanding he tells us Chinese literary men regard as the great purpose of their calling.

"In China," says the essayist, "letters are respected not merely to a degree but in a sense which must seem I think to you unintelligible and overstrained. But there is a reason for it. Our poets and literary men have taught their successors for long generations to look for good, not in wealth, not in power, not in miscellaneous activity, but in a trained, a choice, an exquisite appreciation of the most simple and universal relations of life. To feel, and in order to feel, to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man is to us in itself a sufficient end. A rose in a moon-lit garden, the shadow of trees on the turf, almond bloom, scent of pine, the wine-cup and the guitar; these and the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides forever away with its freight of music and light into the shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale—to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call literature."

"To respond to all that we have—all that eludes us—." Here surely is a great and valid aim in national letters, a tonic recreation for their readers.

Undoubtedly a main reason for the humble though surely pervasive taste for short tales here is that this form gives us that beautiful recreation on the simplest terms. Without long leisure, we are glad to sit down companionably in the evening for a little while, to hear the road-side and every-day adventures of other wayfarers. The short story taste is a lyric taste—for those who love to listen to the fugitive music of the broad run of common life in this homely manner.

EDITH WYATT.

CORRESPONDENCE

To Abolish Vice-Presidents

SIR: The article which appeared in a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC on the subject of the Vice-Presidency was a very excellent one. For the past sixty years or more the candidate for Vice-President has usually been chosen from a doubtful state, and a man generally not so well known as the candidate for the Presidency or a man of the same caliber. On the other hand, the Secretary of State appointed by the President-elect has usually been the most prominent man in the party which elected the President, or, if the most prominent man in the party was elected President, the Secretary of State has usually been the next most prominent man in that party. For example, Johnson as Vice-President under Lincoln was certainly not a man of the same prominence or ability as Seward; nor was Arthur of the same prominence and ability as Sherman, nor was Roosevelt at the time of McKinley's death as well known or as prominent as Hay.

Our method of procedure thus has given us Vice-Presidents of mediocre ability, and Secretaries of State of ability and prominence. Why not, then, abolish the office of Vice-President, and have the Senate elect its own presiding officer as does the House of Representatives? This would of course take away from the electorate the choice of Vice-President, and the succession to the Presidency in the event of his death would fall to the Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, etc., as is now the case in the event of the death of both President and Vice-President. This is a radical procedure requiring a constitutional amendment, but the results that would be obtained would in my judgment be far better than the results which we obtain at the present time.

LINSLY R. WILLIAMS.

Albany, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England from the Inside

SIR: On this side, and particularly in this country, the situation is somewhat confused. The Cabinet suffers from its own size, from the lack of loyalty of one of its most powerful members and generally from the enormous difficulty of taming our individualism for the stern purpose of war. That the Cabinet is too big and lacks cohesion and drive, no sane man can doubt: but that a Lloyd-George-Curzon-Carson Cabinet would give us better results, no sane man believes. Better, flashier appearances perhaps: but not the steadiness, the endurance, the sagacity needed to win the war. Not that the present Cabinet is very noted for its sagacity: but it is steady and in better—though far from perfect—touch with the country as a whole. Since the formation of the Coalition Cabinet a year ago the ministry has suffered from two things: first, it has fallen into many errors because the organized criticism of the opposition was removed. In a parliamentary system political leaders learn their business by spells of office and opposition alternately. The party in opposition knows that the success of its attack means the liability to assume the responsibility of office and this gives an orderliness, cohesion and importance to it as a check on the government, which tends to correct errors and check excesses on the part of ministers before they have gone too far. Thus an equilibrium is reached. But to-day one of the balances of the equilibrium is gone and we suffer from an unchecked executive. This would be no harm but rather a great good in time of war if an abiding sense of responsibility and patriotism were the informing and guiding influences in the ministry: but they are not. There have been the most extraordinary lapses in which things have been done or left undone that make you gasp. And these lapses have been the golden opportunities of our reckless press. To some extent—an extent which is uncommonly difficult to measure—they have undermined confidence in the government. It is certainly true that if the country had real trust in Lloyd-George, he would succeed Asquith tomorrow. But the country does not trust Lloyd-George enough for that. It knows that he can push and drive; it knows he has courage; it knows that he has done wonders in certain directions; but it trusts neither his judgment nor his loyalty to his colleagues, and if it knew the whole truth its trust would not increase. So you may take it that if ever Lloyd-George becomes our war Prime-Minister, it will be the most perilous and colossal gamble of the war. Remember, a gamble sometimes succeeds!

The second weakness of the government is just this business of Lloyd-George, who creates a sense of insecurity about him which is not conducive to the health and strength of the Cabinet. If he really believes that his colleagues are incompetent, he ought to come out and say so; *i.e.,* he ought to resign. But resigning is not a great success in these days: Churchill hasn't gained by it; Carson has made nothing of it; John Simon is snowed under by his own miscalculations; and Lloyd-George is shrewd enough to see that unless he resigns at a moment when he is sure of *great* public support he, even he, will pass into oblivion. And he cannot be sure that any moment will yield him such support as he would need if he passed out into opposition. When you probe our confusion to the bottom you find there a sense of security in the general representative character of the government, and a feeling that its solid, slow commonsense—marred by no matter what bloody mistakes—is the best guaranty for us that we shall pass through the war to ultimate victory. To you, looking on at a distance, and hearing accounts of us from lips not always friendly, it may seem that the Anglo-Saxon race is not standing the test of war very well. That is true only in a limited sense. It is quite easy to marshal a damning indictment of the British government and Parliament, and our Northcliffes, our Maxses, our Milners, have done it with great relish. They belong to the class of men that loves the intoxicant of war and hates sobriety like the devil. They are thus blinded to everything but the sensational faults of the government and forget all the time the splendid service that the people as a whole have given to the cause of their choice. I would attach far greater weight to some of the charges brought by these superior persons if they had shown any sense of restraint or responsibility. But they have shown none: and I have only to read the neutral press—and the press of our Allies too—to see what mischief and havoc *The Times* and its satellites have wrought among peoples who are naturally our friends.

As for the state of the war itself, I believe that this summer is the turning-point. I do not mean by this that I predict the end of the war for 1916; but I do mean that the nerve-center of German power is touched and will rapidly weaken. The whole war so far has been a justification of German confidence. German failures have been cloaked and covered by successive German advances. The program, to my eye, lies thus: 1. A swift offensive in the west breaks down, with fearful cost to the Germans, into a defeat on the Marne and the subsequent development of trench warfare. This is an undoubted German failure. But before it could have its effect upon the confidence of the German people as a whole, it is wiped out by, 2, the immense German offensive through Galicia and Poland, which is a colossal spectacular success, but does not attain its object—which is the capture or annihilation of one or other or both of the Russian armies. At the end of it the Germans can claim a great territorial gain and political advantage; they can claim no military result. True, if the war were to end to-day they would be in a strong position in the occupation of enemy territory east and west, and that is why they endeavor to create the idea that the *Allies* want peace. But let me continue. After a while the Germans at home see that, despite the great offensive in northern France and in Poland, the resisting power of France and Russia is still great and growing: and they begin to ask what there is to show for the three-quarter million German dead. Therefore, another diversion is created by, 3, the rush through Serbia which once more gives the German civilian population a dazzling success to blind them to the real failures: for here again the military value of the exploit is not very great, since a great part of the Serbian army escaped and is now 150,000 strong, re-equipped and in great fettle for the coming offensive. The chief military result that the Germans can claim is the diversion of a very large body of Allied troops—French and British—to Saloniki from the west. Now it seems to me that this game of covering failures here by success somewhere else cannot continue indefinitely and has probably played itself out already: but the real end of it can only come by our action. I am not one of those who believe that we have reached a deadlock which may continue indefinitely: it is in our power to break that deadlock whenever we choose. The initiative has passed to us; and I defy any one to show how the Germans could hold their lines against a simultaneous offensive in Belgium, Champagne, Alsace, Italy, Serbia, Transylvania (this means, of course, the entry of Rumania), Galicia and northern Poland. Simultaneous hammer strokes at eight different spots, each hammer head be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing at least twenty—most of them fifty—miles broad: that is our way out. It will cost the Allies 500,000 casualties; but it would cost the Germans at least as many, probably twice as many, in their attempts to resist. If the Allied staffs will, they can; if they wait, they will have to reckon with the people whom they are supposed to serve.

The knowledge of this general position is the origin of all the peace talk that comes from Germany just now. I see that the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "The desire for peace is so strong among the masses of all the warring countries that, were President Wilson to break the present baneful spell by offering his services as mediator, no government, not even that of England, would dare risk defying public opinion at home and the moral condemnation of the world by answering 'No.'" That is a German plea. Setting aside the "moral condemnation of the whole world," I can only say that every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom—no, I forget the Union of Democratic Control and other pacifists—but public opinion as a whole is firmly convinced that peace now would be no peace—and I think your President knows it too. We're going on; for the simple reason that Germany has shown no sign of willingness to make unconditional reparation to her victims, the greatest of whom is Belgium.

That's not, of course, my whole philosophy of the war; but it is a part which needs saying and repeating just now.

M. P.

House of Commons,
London, England.

The Oppressed Son

SIR: That article on "Sheltered Daughters" by Jane Mander, published in a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC, struck a responsive chord in me, for though I am not a Sheltered Daughter, I am an Oppressed Son, the victim of a parent's religious bigotry. My good mother (my father died when I was a child), who has tried so hard to make me walk in the path of my ancestors, though she has no rational reason for walking in it herself, does not yet know that if you try too hard to train up a child in the way you think he should go, when he is old, he *will* depart from it. She does not yet know that because of her oppressions and mild tortures, she has made me turn against her people, her faith and against herself. I cannot tell her that in my heart I am a Christian, Unitarian by profession of faith, for if she knew it, she would tear me to pieces; and yet if she had been less of an oppressor, I might still be of the faith.

As I read Miss Mander's article—so brilliant because so true—I was struck with the bond that exists between Sheltered Daughter and Oppressed Son. In different circumstances though they may have been born and bred, there is in their lives the same touching note of tragedy. Oppressed Son and Sheltered Daughter are true brother and sister, for they have suffered alike. To both, "friends, freedom and fearlessness" are denied. In both cases, the "natural inclination to love and trust their parents is exploited to the full." Both suffer from too great care and solicitude on the part of parents. Neither is permitted to realize a full individual life. In both cases it is true, that their "parents set out with the idea that their daughters, much more than their sons, must be an extension of themselves, of their habits, of their views, of their social or religious set. They expect their children to have their fears, their sins, their gods, their sense of values."

I could select further from Miss Mander's article, to show how close is the tie between these unfortunate children, Sheltered Daughter and Oppressed Son. Like Miss Mander's type, I have asked my mother why I was obliged to go through a certain set of ceremonies and formalities, say Hebrew words that conveyed no meaning to me, always eat with my hat on my head, when I believe it an act of devotion to eat bareheaded, and then to paraphrase Miss Mander, she answers, "Because I say so." And she is at first grieved and then angry if I do not see finality in her answer. My mother believes that to question is to doubt, to doubt is to sin, and to sin is to burn in hell. She believes this literally. But who was it who said that God will not look upon cowards? Which reminds me of Shelley, who wrote in his Preface to "Prometheus Unbound": "For my part, I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to Heaven with Paley and Malthus."

In Russia, where my mother was born, women are not taught. It is not well for women to be taught and to understand, according to the men. Like the other women, my mother accepted this dictum in the deepest humility. She accepted telling for teaching and once she confidently believed that I, too, would accept telling for teaching. The discovery that I would not was a rude shock to her. She has often assured me that I will burn in the midst of eternal fires and that at the trumpet call of the Messiah (not Christ) I will not be among those who will rise from the grave to live again in the millenium. My mother has already doomed me, but what oppresses me is not a fear of divine vengeance (for I do not fear it) but the thought that there are still living in this twentieth century persons who are victim to the bogeys of a medieval age and that in the hands of such persons has been placed the responsibility of the upbringing of future generations.

S. O.

New York City.

An Apostle of Shelter

SIR: In your recent issue Jane Mander sets forth the feminist claim that for daughters to be "sheltered" is to be stifled and oppressed. In moving terms, indeed, she depicts the selfishness and cruelty of well-to-do parents, a cruelty manifesting itself in chiefly three forms, namely, (1) the hope to see their daughter married, and the planning of her upbringing to that end, or (2) the effort to make a "good, pure woman" of her, together with the means for realizing that abominable ambition, or (3) finally, the hope that she may become one day the comfort and delight of her parents' declining years. Since selfishness is in reality the basic principle of parents (even their much-vaunted "sacrifices" being undertaken for ultimately base and self-regarding motives) all these objects are of course reprehensible.

It follows that, parents being in general a villainous lot, dead alike to kindness and to common sense, the aim of sheltered daughters should be to escape at the earliest possible moment from their false shelter, and circumvent their parents' meanness by refusing to turn their gaze toward marriage, or toward "God and the angels," or toward the prospect of ever being a "comfort" to their aging progenitors—all such objects being unworthy the regard of a liberated soul. Instead of narrow and degraded aims such as these, the daughter of to-day is pointed to the large spinster sisterhood which swarms in the "dormitories and apartment houses round about Columbia University" and similar institutions who help to swell the volume of that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"bitter indictment of parents" which forms the theme of this revolt.

In extenuation of parents, and incidentally of parenthood, one wonders whether parents some day shall be required to give over their age-long habit of willing the best they know for their children, or whether under the guidance of feminist teachings they will be expected merely to revise their conceptions of what is best, and to form such conclusions not upon what their experiences of life have taught them, but upon that which their inexperienced daughters may prefer that it *should* have taught them. In the light of such a view the parents of tomorrow should sedulously banish all thought or expectation or preparation for marriage from their daughter's mind and should train her, instead, for "success," i. e., for a "career," which, reduced to its last terms, means—for money-making. Instead of outrageously attempting to make a "good, pure woman" out of her, they should throw her into contact with vice and sin. While not perhaps deliberately seeking to make her bad instead of good, at least they must see to it that she shall be hard, not soft, knowing rather than pure, and toughened in fibre by being pitted against men in a struggle for existence. Above all they must never indulge themselves in the dastardly wish that they may in their declining days look to her for comfort. No daughter of tomorrow will encourage such meanness, or, at the cost of interrupting her career, stoop to the low office of ministering to greedy, selfish old persons merely because they happen to be her parents.

Now it should be a source of great consolation to this writer and her colleagues that the number of sheltered daughters whom she commiserates and of sheltering parents whom she condemns is comparatively small and is vastly outnumbered by hordes of daughters who are receiving less and less "shelter," and parents who are quite guiltless of attempting to guide their daughters toward any goal whatever.

In the working-class population economic necessity forces parents to say, whether they will or not: "Get out," and under its pressure the working-class family is fast fulfilling the ideal which believers in the woman's movement extol. Moreover, it is bidding not only its daughters but its wives and sisters and mothers—yea, even its babies to "get out."

It is the condition of these Unsheltered Daughters—a condition which should be a cause theoretically of much rejoicing on the part of feminists—which to the more thorough student of society is an object of profound concern. Among these victims one is not likely to hear any "bitter indictment against parents" for having sheltered them too much, but instead a bitter regret that their parents could not shelter them more. The world they have been liberated into is doing them more harm than the family, imperfect as it was, ever did; and they know it. The three natural goals visible to the eye of budding womanhood are precisely to marry, to become "good, pure women," and, finally, to be one day the comfort and delight of their parents' declining days; and to remove from the young woman the vision of these goals is to remove from her the reason, in the eternal order of things, for her existence. No wrong greater than that has ever been done her—nor ever can be. Under the nervous whimpering of sheltered daughters, clamoring to be unsheltered, can be heard, by those who have ears to hear, the genuine moan of unsheltered daughters sighing for the shelter they have lost.

PRESTONIA MANN MARTIN.

Stapleton, Staten Island, New York.

Washington Believed in Alliances

SIR: It is unfortunate that we tend to misquote the words of our forefathers. We have not hesitated to misconstrue Washington's advice about "entangling" alliances—advice of unusual importance at the present time, now that we have almost reached the period when political isolation from Europe is no longer feasible. Our prevalent attitude has been to look with disfavor upon an offensive and defensive union with certain of the European states, because in our superficial way we have come to believe that Washington was a firm antagonist of a policy which tended to embroil us in the complicated web of European politics. In THE NEW REPUBLIC of May 20th we even find such an eminent authority on American institutions as Lord Bryce saying near the beginning of his article on "America's Traditional Isolation":

> ". . . Washington gave in his farewell address, counsels recommending a policy of complete detachment from and non-intervention in the political affairs of Europe."

Yet a careful examination of Washington's public utterances will show that almost the reverse is true. In his farewell address he makes the following statement about Europe:

> "It must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her frendships, or enmities."

But a little later we find this passage:

> "Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies."

Consequently Washington believed in prepared neutrality, and even in his day was not adverse to the adoption of binding treaties when the occasion made it necessary. We know, moreover, that his views on this subject were shared in a measure by Hamilton, Madison, and Jefferson, because the farewell address was submitted to their critical approval before it was delivered.

VERNAM HULL.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

With a Contribution

SIR: The editor who wrote "Money Wanted" in THE NEW REPUBLIC's issue of June twenty-fourth is a skilful pleader, and his dispassionate and effective presentation of the case of the New York cloak and suit makers has gone straight into my pocket-book and extracted a small bit of "hard cash," translated into paper by the necessities of the post. As a poor working girl I have my own financial limitations, but I will not raise my dimes to build a battleship, and prefer that such small sums as I have for the promotion of causes shall assist fellow workers and aid the advance of democratic ideals.

It might amuse your editorial statistician to compute the number of thousand years the cloak makers might continue their strike should each wage-earner in the United States contribute twenty-five cents to the fund for their assistance. Passing the hat for such a fund should prove quite as much fun as building battleships and would be vastly more effective in establishing the American ideal of human right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

MARGUERITE EDWARDS.

Quincy, Illinois.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

SUPPOSE every adult in the United States, and every infant old enough to understand more or less the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, should come to believe that this privilege ought to be withdrawn from everybody, even when the public safety required nothing of the sort, even when there was no danger either of rebellion at home or invasion from abroad. Suppose this belief lived long enough and loud enough to become an effective demand for suspension of this privilege. Even this demand could in time be satisfied by the amending machinery. Most of us would wonder, when we saw the amendment stowed away in the Constitution, what had driven us all mad enough to put it there, but we should not think of denying our right as sovereign to take from ourselves even the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus.

Dr. David Jayne Hill would deny just this right. He believes with his whole heart, with passion and repetition, that certain rights are inalienable and inherent. We conceive of sovereignty, he says, as "inherent in the people," but if sovereignty "be regarded as a right so transcendent that it may override all other rights, we shall have difficulty in establishing its existence." If sovereignty, an inherent right, meets any other inherent right on a narrow path, then the duty of sovereignty is to give way. Sovereignty is the lowliest and humblest member of the inherent rights class, at the foot of which she stands. All other inherent rights get their sanction from the nature of things. Sovereignty does not. She must never be allowed even to pinch-hit for any regular member of the team.

This bit of exposition is an impression of the first part of Dr. Hill's book, "Americanism: What It Is" (D. Appleton & Company, $1.25 net). Although he repeats himself a good deal his book has structure. It is a vertebrate. An outline of it may be given in a few words. A written constitution in a democracy admits the existence of certain inherent rights possessed by individuals, and denies the sovereign's right to take these inherent rights away. International law admits the existence of certain inherent rights possessed by every independent and responsible state, and denies the right of any other state or all others to take these inherent rights away. As conscience is to character: so is a written constitution to a democracy: so is international law to the world of responsible and independent states. True Americanism consists (1) in resisting amendments to the Constitution and (2) in resisting violations of international law. The way to accomplish No. 1 is to form and join societies like "The National Association for Constitutional Government." The way to accomplish No. 2 is to be strong.

Dr. Hill never explicitly says that to propose amendments to the constitution is as monstrous as to violate international law, but the spirit of a believer that the two offenses are equally monstrous blows through his pages. He seems to think a democracy is more likely to hate violations of international law if it hates changes in its own written Constitution. And how he does dislike the notion that changes in our constitution may be desirable. "No one has cited a single social reform worthy of serious consideration that necessitates a change in our fundamental law, or which cannot be carried into effect without a change." You might think that a man who believes this would be bothered by the "widespread disposition to render easier the modification of the Constitution of the United States," would find the widespreadingness of such a disposition hard to explain. Dr. Hill's explanation costs him no effort: "We freely admit that there are fewer purely personal motives for defending the work of the past than there are for initiating new and ill-considered schemes of public action." And "we are opposed, openly and fearlessly, to those who, for private or alleged public motives, would ruthlessly sweep" fundamental law away.

Dr. Hill was educated at Bucknell University, Paris and Berlin, has taught at Bucknell and served as President of the University of Rochester, has received degrees from the University of Wisconsin, the University of Pennsylvania, Union College and the University of Geneva, has been assistant secretary of state, minister to Switzerland, minister to Belgium, ambassador to Germany. Thoughtless readers may call it unaccountable that a man with this experience should publish, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, a book in which almost all the proposers of constitutional change have interested motives, and in which reason and will are separated so neatly. "We refuse," these thoughtless readers may say, "to see discussion of constitutional change as nothing but a case of reason versus will, reason on one side, will on the other, each of them with her back up, each spitting at her adversary."

Although such readers do well to refuse they do ill to be surprised. It was not by accident that Dr. Hill came into this world. Almost seventy years ago Nature decided to have him. "I will make," she said, "the perfect standpatter. He shall be exposed to the fires of experience, and not a hair of his head shall be singed. He shall be predestined to worship inherency and inalienability, and nothing that happens to him, nothing he reads or sees or hears, shall sully the glassy purity of his devotion. In him shall burn, unbent by any draught from any open mental door, the faith that wealth belongs 'to those who by their enterprise, skill and industry have produced it, or who by their abstinence from consuming it have kept it in existence.' If men appear who say that the individual's right to his wealth may justly be abridged, this perfect standpatter shall accuse them all, agitators on the make and quiet economists alike, of interested motives. To him the service of the abstaining capitalists shall be inestimable, even though they do nothing but sit in their clubs and abstain. He shall mistrust all men and women who are less eager than he is to keep things as they are. To those who work without hope, and who unite in asking for wages which will leave them not quite so hopeless, he shall have no answer but this, 'that there are few fortunes in our country the foundations of which were not laid by men who once worked for wages.'

"But this perfect standpatter," Nature added, "shall also be a disinterested standpatter. He shall not belong to the class of hawkeyed marauders who have much to lose by change. His departure from this type shall be wide. He shall be a student, a man of books, a writer. His station in life shall be so modest that when an American President sends him to Berlin as ambassador a rumor shall be kindled, and shall flame through the American press, and this rumor shall accuse the German Emperor of deeming this studious man not rich enough for Berlin. David Jayne Hill shall prove to those who deny me variety, who say I repeat myself, who charge me with giving only self-regarding motives to those who disagree with them in opinion, that I can easily create a man whose opinions do not grow out of self-interest. To David Jayne Hill, LL.D., I point with pride. Here is a standpatter, perfect, disinterested, blind to light, yet having nothing to gain from a darkness he loves without hope of reward. He is what he is because I chose to make him that way."

P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What to Read

One Hundred Best Books, by John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. 75 cents.

YES, it is quite true that no one is qualified to pick out the best hundred books. Nobody has read all the likely candidates for places on such a list, and to one form or another of greatness everybody turns a blind side. Yet the game is worth watching whenever it tempts the spectators to read and reread, or to ask themselves whether they really like what they thought they liked. This may be the happy effect even of a list whose compiler has been made insincere by his determination to be catholic.

It is to Mr. Powys's credit that he has not tried to be catholic. Nor has he tried to compile a list of the best hundred books. His title, "One Hundred Best Books," was no doubt carefully chosen for its implication that the world of the best is wide. His principle of choice has been "shameless subjectivity," tempered by the feeling which instigated this sentence: "It seems to me that nothing is more necessary, in regard to the advice to be given to young and ardent people, in the matter of reading, than some sort of communication of the idea—and it is not an easy idea to convey—that there is in this affair a subtle fusion desirable between one's natural indestructible prejudices and a certain high authoritative standard . . ." In other words, while making a list which records his preferences, Mr. Powys has wished to keep in mind the fact that his own preferences are not the whole show. The reader he has had in view is "the young person anxious to make some sort of a start" among books.

While reading Mr. Powys I cannot help trying to distinguish the places where he has remembered his "certain high authoritative standard" from the places where he has just naturally let himself go. The standard must be responsible for the presence of Miss Austen, whom he calls "full of tender understanding," and whose charm he describes as "the very epitome of maternal humor." It is hard to believe a man can enjoy Miss Austen and say such silly things about her. I am bound to add, however, that this is a lonely instance, and after reading Mr. Powys on the other writers I am most surprised to find in his book, Milton, Cervantes, Scott, Emerson, Bernard Shaw, I am convinced that his liking for them is not second-hand.

The task of distinguishing his deepest "natural indestructible prejudices" is much easier. Rabelais, for example, whose "noble buffoonery gives us back the sweet wantonness of our youth." Heine, who "sticks the horns of satyrish 'diablerie' in the lovely forehead of the most delicate romance." Strindberg, especially his "Confessions of a Fool," where "the woman implicated surpasses the perversities of the normal as greatly as the lashing energy with which he pursues her to her inmost retreats surpasses the vengeance of any ordinary lover." D'Annunzio, with "the purple and scarlet splendor of his imperial dreams" and his "fierce smouldering voluptuousness." Sterne, whose "digressive and wanton pages" are "to be enjoyed slowly and lingeringly, with many humorous afterthoughts and a certain Rabelaisian unction." Oscar Wilde, whose name "thus becomes a name 'to conjure with' and a fantastic beacon-fire to which those 'oppressed and humiliated' may repair and take new heart." Oscar Wilde, whose "Salome" is "the most richly colored and smoulderingly sensual of all modern tragedies." Oscar Wilde, in whose "De Profundis" we "sound the sea-floor of a quite open secret; the secret namely of the invincible attraction of a certain type of artist and sensualist towards the 'white Christ' who came forth from the tomb where he had been laid, with precious ointments about him, by the Arimathaean."

Oscar Wilde reminds me of a remark made in "Lady Windermere's Fan" by Mr. Dumby: "Awful manners young Hopper has!" It is when Mr. Powys's literary manners are most awful, as in the preceding paragraph, that I am most sure he is genuinely in love with the author he is writing about. But there is variety even in his bad manners. What I have been quoting is not a bit like this, on Guy de Maupassant: "His racking, scooping, combing insight into the recesses of man's natural appetites will never be surpassed." Or this, on Stendhal: "No writer has ever lived with more contempt for mere sedentary theories or a fiercer mania for the jagged and multifarious edges of life's pluralistic eccentricity." When he is not pretending to energy, and when he is a mile or so away from sex, which has always a disastrous influence on his style, Mr. Powys is capable of admirable writing, as when he speaks of "the smell of rain-drenched moors, the crying of the wind in the Scotch firs, the long lines of black rooks drifting across the twilight," as things having a symbolic value in "Wuthering Heights." Or again when he says of the Thackeray who wrote one "Henry Esmond": "Dealing with the eighteenth century he escapes not only from his age but from himself." Or in a good many other places.

Much as Mr. Powys has irritated me, I have read his book without being bored, except by pages 19, 20 and 21, with a growing interest in what he has to say, with a growing desire to read the authors he mentions, whether I already know them or not. I should think his "One Hundred Books" would increase the love of letters.

Also, though my dislike of Mr. Powys as a writer has been aggravated page by page, he rouses my curiosity. I imagine him a pretentious, emphatic, talkative man, sincerely loving many good books, a little inclined to suggest that he knows well certain books that he knows slightly, terribly inclined to over-value his interest in sex and to mistake it for a sign of mental freedom, an utterer of sensible and stupid things with about the same eagerness, eager to sow the seed of his enthusiasms on minds which it is just like him to call "such provocatively virgin soil." I imagine him as half a quack and very much in earnest, with a streak of poetry in him.

Q. K.

Tchékov Realism

The Three Sisters, by Anton Tchékov. Translation by Julius West. London: Duckworth.

"THE Three Sisters" is the most characteristic of all of Tchékov's plays, for here, even more than in "Cherry Orchard," he has set himself to overcome the difficulties of realism in their most treacherous forms. In "Cherry Orchard" the theme is relatively simple and touched with the pathos and symbolic beauty of the doomed and blossoming cherry trees. But in "The Three Sisters" he must raise interest in a play whose main theme is dreary monotony, force one to like the most futilely ineffective group ever gathered on the stage, make harmony out of the clashing confusion of three plots, two of which come to their violent climax at almost the same moment, and after emphasizing empty loneliness and discontent in every character and from as many angles as possible, send the audience home at least artistically reconciled with life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three sisters and their brother live together with the usual complications of servants, a dependent, a boarder and informal neighbors. They are distressed to the point of despair with their restricted environment in a small provincial town. Their dream is Moscow. Masha, the heroine—if such a conventional designation may be allowed—is married to a pleasant, trivial school teacher of no particular personality. She is mature, contained, full of observation, but restless. The oldest girl, Olga, a cordial masculine type, is an overworked district teacher. The youngest, Irina, at first does nothing, then becomes a clerk in the local telegraph office, later shifts to clerical work, and finally plans to teach. She is almost pretty and the most distressingly lonely of all. Two men want to marry Irina, neither of whom she loves. For lack of anything better to do, she reluctantly becomes engaged to the Baron, who is the better mannered of the two, but she is far from satisfied. Her spirit is a "locked piano" and the key is lost.

The ineffective well educated brother, who is the hope of the family, falls a victim to the calculated charms of an empty-headed, dowdy young girl who marries him and brings to the household fresh ennui. A brigade quartered near the town boasts a handsome and loquacious lieutenant-colonel, Vershinin, who used to know the sisters when they were little girls. He calls one evening and a new interest in things awakes in Masha. From gradual beginnings and casual happy talks in the midst of a complex family life, their sense of understanding pierces to a deeper and deeper fusion. It is almost wholly inarticulate until one day when she happens unexpectedly to enter the room during one of his philosophic disquisitions to inattentive companions. He is quite unconscious of the fact that one by one his audience has drowsed into complete unresponsiveness. She, unobserved, is his only listener. He looks up, grasps the situation, glances at the inert faces on the sofa and in amused triumph presumably continues as before, yet with what a ringing difference! Now and then he inserts the rub-a-dub-dub of music that she answers in suppressed antiphony. The exhilaration of these responses, kept almost within compass of a sleep-producing monotone, beat in a rhythm of hushed, excited poetry.

That little song recurs again and again for Masha. It will not down nor recede, as later she pretends to read in the midst of a general hubbub. Once she stands alone by the door after the culmination of Irina's grief over her own futility and their brother's tragedy, and it surges again through all her being, as with wide or half-closed eyes she hums it in unsuppressible ecstasy. Then on the mad night of the village fire he calls to her in that imperious meter, and she answers, leaving everything.

The brother's lot is perhaps the most miserable of all. His wife has presented him with a baby which she leaves almost wholly in his care while she flirts vulgarly with the head of the district. She asserts her ill bred little self to everyone's dismay, even forcing the sisters from their rooms and at last crowding them out altogether. Her husband clings pitiably to his belief in her honesty and refinement, but his ambitions fade, he mortgages the house that is only partly his, and gambles away the money that should have taken them all to Moscow. He pours out his griefs to the deaf messenger who carries his papers. Olga, the school teacher, has more philosophy and less emotion, perhaps more philosophy because less emotion, than her sisters, and the immunity and unhappiness of no history. But even for her life is wretched. Her very promotion, which she did not want and was too tired to take, precludes her chance for Moscow.

TIFFANY & CO.

PEARLS
FOR NECKLACES

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Finally the brigade, the one brilliant, if disconcerting, spot in their desolate lives, is ordered to leave, and tragical problems collapse into tragical emptiness. That last scene of separations and loneliness, loneliness that such people could not possibly hope to fill, is perhaps the dreariest in drama. Goodbyes, some of them ordinary, but none the less wrenching, follow one another with reiterating pain; the old army doctor, for instance, the young sub-lieutenants who are always taking snapshots, culminating finally in the dreaded parting of Masha and Vershinin. While this is impending, Irina's rejected lover challenges the Baron to a duel and kills him. Irina's last hope of Moscow expires. Then Vershinin comes to say goodbye. Masha's control almost holds, then suddenly breaks into ungovernable grief. Vershinin goes, and the brother wheels his squeaking baby carriage back through the autumn woods. The dead leaves fall, a presage of the closing darkness and cold of the interminable winter. One more sound is heard, the approaching strains of a military band which nears the gate where the three sisters lean, crying. As handkerchiefs of passers wave, its brazen music passes, diminishes, blends into the silent air, silent but for the weeping. The model Russian husband tries to divert, by trivial antics, Masha's passionate despair. His kindness is hopeless and grotesque. The school teacher tries her typically Russian comfort of, "Never mind, people will be happier a hundred years from now." And again the creaking baby carriage—the falling leaves. . . .

No other dramatist has used such conflicting plots, each enough for a separate play, not according to accepted dra-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matic technique to relieve and support, but to oppose each other. Two contending motifs, Masha's and the brother's, reach their climax almost together; two catastrophes, Masha's and the younger sister's, crash simultaneously. The effect of such tension is as though two or three independent orchestras each urgently louder and louder were playing its own concerto, until the violence of their unrelenting insistencies is almost unendurable. And yet their warfare magically makes one mastering music, profounder for the clashing dissonance.

So far as mere material is concerned this drama is the culmination of confused Russian realism. Not only is there the conflict of inharmonious plots, but there are also the minor criss-crosses of personal ideals and idiosyncracies, all pulling different ways, and exasperatingly inconsistent, except the ever-present, all-consuming desire to go to Moscow. Though even here, while the sisters who live in the country long for the city, Vershinin, who is used to the city, wants the country. Those that are married, the brother and Vershinin—he has a wife who takes poison periodically to disconcert him—desire to be free; the unmarried, Olga and Irina, long for a lover. The officer Baron seeks satisfaction in becoming a civilian, his rival envies the soldiers. Irina who is idle idealizes work, Olga who is overworked wants rest. In this heterogeneous household there is the distraction of restless boredom. Each is planning happiness, either for himself or his remote offspring, no one is contented. The Baron and Masha's husband come the nearest, but the latter conscientiously pulls the wool over his eyes, and the former gets shot. Each wants to find a " meaning " of life, no one can find it.

The only consolation is in an inane idealism as to the future. Everything is to be magically changed for our descendants. Irina, Olga, Vershinin repeat this like an incantation. Even conversation seems to reach the pinnacle of inappropriateness. One can never be sure when tea is suddenly approaching or somebody insists, apropos of nothing, that Balzac was married at Berdichev or that one winter the cold reached two hundred degrees at Petrograd. It sounds like Bedlam. Nor do these people seem to show the expected and consistent reactions even to catastrophe. Large misfortune is merrily faced as a sub-lieutenant after he is completely burned out, down to the ground, comes in dancing, while Irina goes entirely to pieces because she can not recall the Latin for " ceiling." It represents for her the uselessness and gradual atrophy of all her promise and powers. This may all be true to Russian life, but it does not tend to produce a confidence that you know just where you are.

Finally, in addition to plot confusion and psychological confusion, there is a confusion in the background of the play—the hundred small interruptions that in their irrelevance push irritatingly into the focus of consciousness. A rug now and then annoys the foot of a hasty comer, a clock actually goes, birds outside the window sing, people play silly games when you are enormously interested in and want your whole attention for something else. The brother is ticklish and is teased mercilessly although the audience do not care in the least. When people walk about or sit down the furniture gets disarranged. When the officers come to call they are shown the family photographs and a frame that the brother has made, yet not very pertinently or with special interest on either side. (The pictures were actually taken from old portraits of the actors.) Such details make one realize almost with a start how far from real our own most realistic drama is. Tchékov, abetted by the Art Theatre, has chosen to forget rule five for young dramatists, " Make everything further the main action."

And yet perhaps he has had to remember it with a more exacting necessity than the young dramatist. He too had to attain " unity," " mass " and " coherence." The difference is that his suppressions have been so subtle, his technique in handling complex material so fine, that he has achieved them without the sacrifice of the casual stuff that life, the tangle of Russian life, is made of.

It may not be difficult to impart a sense of Tchékov's realism, but it is enormously difficult to convince those who have not seen productions of his plays at the Moscow Art Theatre of his idealism. The reader naturally says, " I don't see anything very idealistic in this conglomerate monotony," and there you are. Certainly the disillusionment and disintegration of a family does not look like the chosen material for idealism. But presented, it feels so. Without realizing exactly how it is done, you feel as though you were becoming intimately acquainted with a very likeable lot of individuals. Instead of having your sympathy divided between personified forces of right and wrong, it is bestowed on practically all of the very human group you are getting to know. That sympathy is reinforced as you are enabled, despite the confusion, to understand a little better than in actual life what is going on inside these people. Above all you are sorry for them. They take themselves with such disproportionate, such extravagant seriousness. They are so obstinately insistent upon goals that after all would amount to very little. Being sorry for them and recognizing in them some mirror of ourselves, we find ourselves saying: " Why, after all, should disappointment and failure matter so?" And out of the very confusion that blinds the actors but fails to blind the audience, we gain a philosophic poise. We catch a glimpse of that romance "whose face is far from this our war," and again as in " Cherry Orchard " we seem unaccountably endowed with that sense of aloofness, of space, with the assurance that our human drama is being played out upon a dwarfing stage and our little years engulfed within consoling time.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

Some Russian Music

Modern Russian Piano Music, edited by Constantin von Sternberg. In The Musician's Library. Songs of the Russian People. Edited by Kurt Schindler. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company. 2 volumes.

THE musical output in recent years has become so enormous that the amateur is mystified by the number and variety of the pieces offered to him. He usually ends by buying something " safe " and popular. The producing cost and the element of chance in the music publishing business are far higher than in the printing of books. The resulting lack of stability is discouraging as much to the consumer as to the publisher. One worthless song which has hit the public fancy may have to pay for dozens of admirable works by unknown men—works carried for years on dusty music shelves which are plundered only for presentation copies.

In these disheartening conditions a peculiar ethical responsibility rests upon the publisher. Some European houses have made a notable reputation for themselves by their wise and disinterested exploitation of new or lesser known composers. But here in America publishers seem

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FOR YOUR SUMMER READING

SUMMER IS THE TIME TO CATCH UP WITH THE REALLY GOOD BOOKS YOU HAVE WANTED TO READ, BUT HAVE NOT FOUND TIME FOR. THE TITLES BELOW ARE SELECTED BY THE PUBLISHERS AS THEIR MOST PERMANENT CONTRIBUTIONS

THE FREUDIAN WISH
ITS PLACE IN ETHICS
By EDWIN B. HOLT

A remarkably clear and interesting exposition of Freud's theories with special consideration of their bearing upon ethics.

"A joy and a stimulus to honest thinking."—*Chicago Evening Post.* *Second Printing. $1.25 net*

HENRY HOLT & CO., 34 W. 33D STREET, NEW YORK

A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION
By EDWARD MORLAE

A story of the French offensive of September, 1915, told "with a singularly simple and graphic quality that seems to set the reader down amid the chaffing battling men and carry him across the zones of hell to the German trenches. . . . No one can afford to miss it who wants to know what war is like to the man who does the fighting."—*New York Times.*

Illustrated. $1.00 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, 4 PARK ST., BOSTON

ESSAYS IN SOCIAL JUSTICE
By THOMAS NIXON CARVER

"This finely thought out contribution of (Professor Carver's) to some of our most critical and pressing social problems should have a wide reading, especially by those who in one way or another are leaders of public opinion or have any opportunity to influence it."—*Chicago Tribune.* *8vo., Cloth, 429 pages; $2.00 net.*

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 8 UNIVERSITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ROADSIDE GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT WAR
By ARTHUR SWEETSER

Plunging north from Paris during the romantic rush of early war days, the author ran into the rear of the Great Retreat; circled the French, British, and German flanks, bicycled alone with Von Kluck's drive, was prisoner of the Germans, crossed the lines and was prisoner of the French, and later, captured again, was handcuffed as a spy to a German prisoner for 26 kilometers' march.

Illustrated, Price $1.35 postpaid

THE MACMILLAN CO., 72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

SOCIETY AND PRISONS
By THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

Four-fifths of the sixteen hundred and more convicts now at Sing Sing have been in prison before, showing that our system does not reform. The success of Mr. Osborne's methods, in practice at Auburn and Sing Sing Prisons, gives emphasis and interest to each page of his new book. *Price $1.35 net, postpaid*

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

AMERICA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS
By WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

A history of the foreign relations of the United States, the origin and development of our international relationships, and the principles of our increasingly important international policy. *The North American Review* says: "In this book, sound, uncontroversial discussion is joined with full information."

2 vols., 8vo, boxed, $6.00 net

THE CENTURY CO., 353 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

ENGLAND AND GERMANY
1740-1914
By BERNADOTTE EVERLY SCHMITT

"An intelligent and impartial discussion of the relations of England and Germany on the eve of the great war, and of the historic events and influences in which these relations were rooted. . . . Of intense interest and of great value."—*N. Y. Times.*

524 pages, $2.00 net, by mail, $2.10

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, PRINCETON, N. J.

A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE IN MEXICO
By EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY

Here for the first time—written from the inside—is the truth of what went on behind the scenes in 1914. What Americans in Mexico City feared; what diplomats thought of our policy; accounts of personal relations with Huerta, Lind, Admiral Fletcher and others in those dramatic hours—all these make the book, written, at the time the events took place by the wife of the American Charge d'Affaires, a contribution to American history. Particularly timely at this moment.

Illustrated. $2.00 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

AMERICANISM—What it is
By DAVID JAYNE HILL

A brilliant discussion of what Americanism means today and what it should mean always. It is a book for all interested in preparedness and its present application.

Cloth, $1.25 net.

PUBLISHERS D. APPLETON & COMPANY NEW YORK

The Modern Criminal Science Series. Vol. VIII.

CRIMINALITY AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS
By WILLIAM A. BONGER

"This work will promote wide discussion and stimulate thought on the subject for it hits fearlessly at the roots of society and deals interestingly with a subject that concerns all. The deductions are those of a master and are supported by carefully compiled statistics and data."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

8vo., Cloth, 738 pages; $5.50 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, POET AND PHILOSOPHER
By MacDONALD CLARK

The art and philosophy of Maeterlinck. The poet's life, the development of his thought and of his art are here searched deeply and illuminatingly. *Cloth, octavo, net $2.50*

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., 443 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

OTHERS—An Anthology of the New Verse
Edited by ALFRED KREYMBORG

J. B. Kerfoot in *Life* says of this remarkable book: ". . . . They are among the live things being done in America just now. Perhaps you are unfamiliar with this new 'poetry' that is called 'revolutionary'. It is worth the price of a Wednesday matinee to find out. It is the expression of a democracy of feeling against an aristocracy of form." $1.50 *net.*

PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK

Send for a list of Borzoi Books

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unable or unwilling to undertake in the same spirit this peculiar department of the business of marketing. In the purely technical matters, such as printing and binding, they are always admirable. But the scholarship behind their enterprise is variable and timid.

One of the readiest means of bringing some order out of the chaos is the publishing of collections. In these, a few well liked pieces may bring to general attention a quantity of music which could not, in the stress of competition, make its way unaided. Everything, of course, depends upon the editor. But the publisher cannot escape responsibility by placing all the credit or blame on the shoulders of the editor he has chosen. The music he publishes bears his name. Twenty years from now his reputation will depend largely upon the character of the scholars and musicians whom he is grouping about him now.

Two recently published collections, which have just come to hand from the Oliver Ditson Company in Boston, illustrate admirably what an editor may do to a publisher's reputation. One of the collections is the two-volume set of "Modern Russian Piano Music," edited by Constantin von Sternberg; the other, fifteen "Songs of the Russian People," edited and arranged for mixed chorus by Kurt Schindler. The two volumes of piano music form the latest addition to the admirable Ditson series, "The Musician's Library," containing nearly fifty volumes, mostly of standard music, with a truly notable list of editors. To group into one volume the best of the seventeenth century Italian piano works is a bit of business enterprise to which our best thanks are due. But now comes this "modern Russian" piano music, selected by a man of slight capacity for the work, and neither modern nor Russian. With only a few exceptions it is composed of unimportant pieces of the sort which every composer tosses off at times, at the prompting of his publisher, for the sake of sales, and comparable to the minor poetry which a struggling littérateur peddles among editors. Most of the composers represented are of slight importance; nearly all of them write in an undistinguished style of the last generation. The poetic preface by the editor says much concerning the racial quality in Russian music, but there are scarcely ten pages in the two volumes which show any racial traits. It would seem that the editor has deliberately selected those pieces which are least distinctive and least distinguished. No one, playing through these volumes, would gain a notion of the power and individuality of modern Russian music.

Mr. Schindler, on the other hand, shows exactly the qualities an editor most needs. He has selected and discovered folk-songs and choruses almost unknown here, all of them of high quality. He has arranged and adapted freely, but we can trust his hand in whatever it does. He is at once musician and scholar and member of his own audience. Two or three of these choruses—such as the glowing ballads of the Volga and the Kremlin, deserve a place among the greatest of the world's folk-songs. And though they have been arranged for singers who never saw a kaftan, not a bit of their original flavor has been edited out of them. When such an editor is found the publisher should grapple him to his soul. He can safely place the future reputation of his house in such a man's keeping. And the helpless consumer, the "average music-lover," can breathe more easily, knowing that something is being done to bring some order into this mixed-up business of publishing music.

H. K. M.

DURAND
Steel Lockers

EVERY Durand Steel Locker is built to withstand the hardest usage, to meet the most exacting requirements, and to conform to the highest standards of design and finish.

Durand Steel Lockers are adapted for practically every purpose. They are *fire-proof, durable, sanitary, convenient* and *ornamental.*

Reasonable in price. Write for catalogue.

We are also manufacturers of steel shelving, steel bins and general steel factory equipment.

DURAND STEEL LOCKER CO.
1506 Ft. Dearborn Bk. Bldg. Chicago
906 Vanderbilt Bldg. New York

RECLAIMING *the* BALLOT

by

WARD MACAULEY

75 cents net

A clear and illuminating explanation of the difficulties in securing, under our present method of voting, an honest count of the ballots and a fair election, with a practical plan for remedying this basic evil in our political machinery.

The chapters are: The Bulwark of our Liberties, Campaign Methods, Inefficient Citizens, Urgent Need of Ballot Reform, Defeating the People's Will, Conservative Reform, The Precinct Civic Center, etc.

DUFFIELD & CO. 211 W. 37th St., NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED